

# THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series  
Volume XXIV.

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From Beginning  
Vol. CXXLII.

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

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## THE NOVELS OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.\*

If this country's education were conducted on truly scientific principles, we ought to have statistics of the great Novel industry. It is not enough to know how many copies of popular novels are sold; on that point the publishers often give us ample information. From 80,000 to 150,000 copies of a novel that really reaches the heart of the English people are promptly disposed of; and, allowing only ten readers for each copy, the millions are plainly being influenced by our authors of genius. This is a grave thought for conscientious novelists; the making of the spiritual life of England is in their hands. They feel it, and are all but overborne by the too vast orb of their responsibilities. In their photographs, which accompany the reports of interviews with them, we mark with sympathy the ponderous brow, supported by the finger so deft on the type-writing machine; and, as we read the interview, we listen to the voice that has whispered so many thousands of words into the phonograph.

\* "Collected Edition." Smith, Elder: London, 1903.

The popular novelists of England and of America are serious men; they occupy at least in their own opinion, a position which, since the days of the great Hebrew prophets, has been held by few sons of earth. Now and again they descend, as it were, from the mountain and wearily tell the world the story of their aims, their methods, and their early struggles, before they were discovered by enterprising publishers, before their books provided the text of many a sermon, just as did Mr. Richardson's "Pamela."

These men and women are our social, spiritual, religious, and political teachers. This is an important fact, for their readers take fiction seriously; their lives are being directed, their characters are being framed, by authors such as Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Unluckily we have, for lack of statistics, no means of knowing the nature and limits of the moulding of character and direction of life exercised by these energetic authors. Can it be possible that they sometimes

neutralize each other's effects, and that the earnest reader of Mr. Wells finds the seeds of his doctrine blown away on the winds of the mighty message of Mr. Hall Caine? Does the inquirer who sets out to follow the star of Miss Marie Corelli become bewildered and "pixy-led," as they say in Devonshire, by the will-o'-the-wisps of Mr. Kipling?

The serious writers on "the Novel," in the Press, like the late Mr. Norris, author of "The Octopus," assure us that all is well, that the Novel is, or ought to be, everything; that the novelist is our inspired teacher in matters theological, social, political, and perhaps (when we think of Mr. H. G. Wells) scientific; not to mention that the historical novelist writes the only sort of history which should be, and which is, read by the world. But the pity of it is that novelists, like other teachers, differ vastly in doctrine among themselves; so that, if we read all the popular authors, we "come out," like Omar Khayyám, "no wiser than we went," but rather perplexed in our intellects.

The owners of the stores in America which gave away a celebrated British novel as a bounty on soap, are said to have expressed themselves thus:—

Our hands were never half so clean,  
Our customers agree;  
And our beliefs have never been  
So utterly at sea.

The beliefs of the public may, of course, be brought back to dry land by some more orthodox novelist, but the whole process is unsettling. Yet it may be that the populace, in various sections, cleaves to one teacher, neglecting others. Do the devotees of Miss Marie Corelli read the discourses of Mr. Hall Caine; and do the faithful of Mrs. Ward peruse either, or both, of the other two spiritual guides? Lacking the light of statistics we can only guess that they do not; that the

circles of these authors never intersect each other, but keep apart; just as a pious Mussulman does not study "Hymns Ancient and Modern," while a devotee of Mr. Swinburne seldom declines upon "The Christian Year." Meanwhile the mere critic fails to extract a concrete body of doctrine from the discourses of any of our teachers.

Concerning Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is, we trust, nearly as popular as any teacher, it may be said with gratitude that he aims at entertaining rather than at instructing his generation. We venture to think that the contemplative and speculative elements in his nature are subordinate to the old-fashioned notion that a novelist should tell a plain tale. A handsome and uniform edition of his works lies before us, with manly, brief, and modest prefaces by the author. The volumes are fair to see; the type and paper are good, though the printing is not incapable of correction, and the spelling is sporadically American.

There are authors whom we like best in stately "library editions," others whom we prefer in first editions—of such are Keats and Charles Lamb; and, handsome as is the *format* of Sir Arthur's collected works, there are a few of them which please us most "in the native pewter." Now the native pewter of Sherlock Holmes is a six-penny magazine, with plenty of clever illustrations; he takes better in these conditions than in a sumptuous text with only one or two pictures. Sir Arthur is an unaffected writer. His style is not "a separate ecstasy," as in the case of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's writings; his is a simple narrative manner. He does not pass hours in hunting for *le mot propre*; and a phrase is apparently none the worse in his eyes because it is an old favorite of the public, and familiar to the press and the platform. However, like Aucassin in the *cantefable*, "we love a plain tale

even better than none," and love anything better than the dull and tormented matter of the prigs who, having nothing that deserves to be said, say it in a style which standeth in an utterly false following of Mr. George Meredith. "The Author's Edition" is a delightful set for a smoking room in a club or in a country house.

By a laudable arrangement, Sir Arthur has confined his speculative and contemplative exercises to a pair of books, "The Stark Munro Letters" and "A Duet." In the former, a young man has his "first fight" (not at all in the style of the author's "Rodney Stone") "with the spiritual and material difficulties which confront him at the outset of life. There is no claim that his outlook is either profound or original." Indeed his outlook is not remarkable for subtlety or distinction. Sir Arthur is not a Pascal; and, if he were, his "Pensées," presented in a work of fiction, would fail to exhilarate. As he says, Tom Jones and Arthur Pendennis and Richard Feverel "do not indicate their relation to those eternal problems which are really the touchstone and centre of all character." Thank heaven they do not!

An eternal problem can hardly be "the centre of a character"; and, if it were, we do not always pine to read a novel about an eternal problem. A little of "Obermann" goes a long way. If a problem is eternal it has obviously never been solved; and what chance had Thomas Jones, a foundling, of solving eternal problems. As for Pen, he frankly abandoned the attempt. The narrator in the "Stark Munro Letters" ends his speculation by deciding that "something might be done by throwing all one's weight on the scale of breadth, tolerance, charity, temperance, peace, and kindness to man and beast." Having arrived at this acceptable solution, we do not care to follow the mental processes by which the

young thinker reaches the result. We have ever been of his mature opinion, which, moreover, has the sanction of the Church, and of the best heathen and Christian philosophers.

There is no speculation and no preaching of doctrines, no nonsense about a "message" or a "mission," in the rest of Sir Arthur's books, where the good people are plucky, kind, and honorable, while the bad people are usually foiled in their villainous machinations. The quality which recommends Sir Arthur's stories to his readers, and to ourselves, is a quality which cannot be taught or learned; which no research, or study, or industry can compass; which is born with a man; which can hold its own without the aid of an exquisite style; and which is essential. Sir Arthur can tell a story so that you read it with ease and pleasure. He does not shine as a creator of character. Perhaps Micah Clarke, an honest English Porthos, is the best of his quite serious creations; while Sherlock Holmes, not so seriously intended, has become a proverb, like Monsieur Lecoq. But Brigadier Gerard is Sir Arthur's masterpiece; we never weary of that brave, stupid, vain, chivalrous being, who hovers between General Marbot and Thackeray's Major Geoghegan, with all the merits of both, and with others of his own.

The ladies who pass through the novels play their parts, and are excellent young women in their rôles, but they are not to be very distinctly remembered, or very fondly adored. There is not a Sophia Western, an Amelia, a Diana Vernon, a Becky Sharpe, an Anne Elliot, a Beatrix Esmond, or a Barbara Grant, in their ranks; and indeed such characters are scarce in all fiction. The greatest masters but seldom succeed in creating immortal women; only Shakespeare has his quiver full of such children as

these. In short, we read Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for the story, and are very glad that we have such stories to read; rapid, varied, kindly, and honest narratives. As Mr. Arthur Pendennis remarked about his ancestral claret, "there is not a headache in a hogshead" of them.

We shall first glance at Sir Arthur's historical novels, "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," "The Refugees," and "Rodney Stone." The public is very far from sharing the opinion professed by James II in exile, that "history is much more instructive than novels, and quite as amusing." For ourselves we deem his Majesty's own historical work vastly more entertaining than any novel written during his lifetime; but, in the opinion of the public, history only exists as material for historical romances, just as the engineer said that rivers exist for the purpose of feeding navigable canals.

Sir Arthur's earlier historical novels are influenced, more than he probably suspects, by those of Sir Walter Scott. "Micah Clarke," like Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," is a tale of the last romantic rebellion with a base in England—the futile attempt of Monmouth. The big Porthos-like hero is, in some ways, akin to John Ridd; but he occupies, as regards politics and religion, the *juste milieu* that Sir Walter favored when he wrote history, and assigned to such romantic heroes of his own as Henry Morton, and even Roland Graeme. Though "a simple-hearted unlettered yeoman," Micah Clarke is really wise with the wisdom of the later Victorian time, and, in one remark, speaks as if he had read Mr. Herbert Spencer with approval, so far as the problems of religion are concerned. He takes a calm view of history, and is no fanatic of the Protestantism of his period—that of Titus Oates. "The mob's ideas of Papistry were mixed up with thumbscrews"

(not a Catholic implement, by the way) "and Fox's Martyrology." Micah is the son of a church-woman, and a Puritan, and himself has no particular bent, except in favor of freedom and fighting. "I believe that there was good in Papistry, Church, Dissent, but that not one was worth the spilling of human blood." King James was the rightful King, and Monmouth, black box and all, was a bastard, to Micah's mind; but, as fighting was toward, he fought for the son of Lucy Walters.

Decimus Saxon, the pedantic soldier of fortune, a most entertaining character, with his Latin and his professional skill, his indifference as to the cause for which he draws his sword, and his eye for "caduacs and casualties," is an English Dalgetty, and almost as amusing as the immortal laird of Drumthwacket, "that should be." He is a grandson, as it were, of Dugald's father, Sir James Turner, who was learned, but not pedantic, and a far better-hearted man than either Decimus or Dugald. Indeed Decimus "doth somewhat lean to cutpurse of quick hand." A more original character is the "Malignant" Monmouthite, the ruined, kind, dandified, and reckless Sir Gervas Gerome, so full of fight and foppery.

Rather to the surprise of the reader, at a given moment, while escorting a preacher and his rustic flock of "slashing communicants" to join Monmouth, Decimus suddenly ceases to be Dalgetty, and becomes John Balfour, called Burley. A cornet of the King's Horse approaches the psalm-singing conventicle with a flag of truce, and we quote what follows.

"Who is the leader of this conventicle?" he asked.

"Address your message to me, sir," said our leader from the top of the wagon, "but understand that your white flag will only protect you whilst you use such words as may come from

one courteous adversary to another. Say your say or retire."

"Courtesy and honor," said the officer with a sneer, "are not for rebels who are in arms against their lawful king. If you are the leader of this rabble, I warn you if they are not dispersed within five minutes by this watch"—he pulled out an elegant gold time-piece—"we shall ride down upon them and cut them to pieces."

"The Lord can protect His own," Saxon answered, amid a fierce hum of approval from the crowd. "Is this all thy message?"

"It is all, and you will find it enough, you Presbyterian traitor," cried the dragoon cornet. "Listen to me, you fools," he continued, standing up upon his stirrups and speaking to the peasants at the other side of the wagon. "What chance have ye with your whittles and cheese-scrapers? Ye may yet save your skins if ye will but give up your leaders, throw down what ye are pleased to call your arms, and trust to the King's mercy."

"This exceeds the limits of your privileges," said Saxon, drawing a pistol from his belt and cocking it. "If you say another word to draw these people from their allegiance, I fire."

"Hope not to help Monmouth," cried the young officer, disregarding the threat, and still addressing his words to the peasants. "The whole royal army is drawing round him and—"

"Have a care!" shouted our leader, in a deep, harsh voice.

"His head within a month shall roll upon the scaffold."

"But you shall never live to see it," said Saxon, and stooping over he fired straight at the cornet's head. At the flash of the pistol the trumpeter wheeled round and rode for his life, while the roan horse turned and followed with its master still seated firmly in the saddle.

Here we have Drumclog, and Cornet Graham, and Burley's slaying of him under a flag of truce, with his excuse for so doing, all over again; whereof the author must have been as unconscious as Sir Walter himself when he annexed a verse by the poetical valet

of his friend Rose. The Shirra justly said that, like Captain Bobadil, he "had taught many gentlemen to write almost or altogether as well as himself. This English Drumclog ends like the other, after a pretty fight; and the adventurers reach Taunton, where the condition of that unhappy and pious town, and of Monmouth's scythemen and other rude levies, is depicted with much fire and energy. The hero, with great self-sacrifice, hands over the love-making business to a humorous friend named Reuben, and is free to devote himself to manly adventure. At this point comes the news of the failure of Argyll; and Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth and Sir John Cochrane (whom Claverhouse had prophetically damned) receive from Decimus the same critical hard measure as Macaulay gives them. "The expedition was doomed from the first with such men at its head," says Decimus—with truth; for Argyll, if alone, would have been safe, though the Lowland leaders, in any case, being odious to the Remnant, could have raised no stir in Scotland.

Monmouth himself appears to us to be very well designed, though he was more fair to outward view than he seemed in the eyes of Micah Clarke. Though his Stuart blood was doubted by all but Charles II, his weakness, waywardness, and loss of nerve when Sedgemoor fight went against him, were quite in the vein of the Chevalier de St. George at Montrose, of Queen Mary at Langside, and of Charles Edward in the first hours after Culloden. Each one of that forlorn four had shown courage enough on other fields, but as leaders of a lost hope the terror of betrayal overmastered him. Unlike the rest, Monmouth was a sentimentalist of the most modern fashion. A worse commander could not have been found for a very bad cause.

Robert Ferguson is described as al-



most a maniac from sheer vanity; but the unique character of the Plotter cannot be unriddled in a novel, if it can be unriddled at all. Still, we do not recognize him when he speaks to Monmouth in the wildest manner of the Remnant. "Why was Argyll cutten off? Because he hadna due faith in the workings o' the Almighty, and must needs reject the help o' the children o' light in favor o' the bare-legged children o' Prelacy, wha are half Pagan, half Popish." The terms do not apply to the Campbells; and Ferguson had humor enough if Dalrymple says truly that he tided over a day's lack of supplies by inducing Monmouth to proclaim a solemn fast for the success of his arms. Probably Sir Arthur bases his account of Ferguson's demeanor on a passage of Burnet: "Ferguson ran among the people with all the fury of an enraged man that affected to pass for an enthusiast, though all his performances that way were forced and dry." He would not perform in this forced way before Monmouth.

Micah's personal adventures are excellent romantic reading, especially his captivity in a mysterious dungeon whence the most experienced reader, though he knows that the hero must escape, cannot imagine how he is to do it. Through "The Onfall at Sedgemoor" the author, like Scott at Flodden, "never stoops his wing," for Sir Arthur is a master in the rare skill of describing a battle with lucidity and picturesque vigor. There is no better account of Waterloo, from the private soldier's point of view, than that given in his brief novel, "The Great Shadow"; and Sedgemoor also is excellent.

The picture of Judge Jeffreys may be cited: probably it is quite accurate; yet Dryden admired this man!

Last of all, drawn by six long-tailed Flemish mares, came a great open coach, thickly crusted with gold, in which, reclining amidst velvet cushions, sat the infamous Judge, wrapped in a cloak of crimson plush with a heavy white periwig upon his head, which was so long that it dropped down over his shoulders. They say that he wore scarlet in order to strike terror into the hearts of the people, and that his courts were for the same reason draped in the color of blood. As for himself, it hath ever been the custom, since his wickedness hath come to be known to all men, to picture him as a man whose expression and features were as monstrous and as hideous as was the mind behind them. This is by no means the case. On the contrary, he was a man who, in his younger days, must have been remarkable for his extreme beauty.<sup>1</sup> He was not, it is true, very old, as years go, when I saw him, but debauchery and low living had left their traces upon his countenance, without, however, entirely destroying the regularity and the beauty of his features. He was dark, more like a Spaniard than an Englishman, with black eyes and olive complexion. His expression was lofty and noble, but his temper was so easily aflame that the slightest cross or annoyance would set him raving like a madman, with blazing eyes and foaming mouth. I have seen him myself with the froth upon his lips and his whole face twitching with passion, like one who hath the falling sickness. Yet his other emotions were under as little control, for I have heard say that a very little would cause him to sob and to weep, more especially when he had himself been slighted by those who were above him.

"Micah Clarke" is a long novel of five hundred and seventy pages; but nobody, when he has finished it, remembers that it is long—which is praise enough for any romance.

In the preface to "Micah Clarke" the author says:—

<sup>1</sup> "The painting of Jeffreys in the National Portrait Gallery more than bears out Micah

Clarke's remarks. He is the handsomest man in the collection." (Author's note.)



To me it always seems that the actual condition of a country at any time, a true sight of it with its beauties and brutalities, its life as it really was, its wayside hazards and its odd possibilities, are (*sic*) of greater interest than the small aims and petty love story of any human being. The lists, the woodlands, and the outlaws are more to me than Rebecca and Rowena.

*passe pour* Rowena, but surely Diana Vernon or Beatrix Esmond is not of inferior interest to Locksley, Friar Tuck, and the lists of Ashby de la Zouche? "To others the story of one human heart may be more than all the glamor of an age, and to these I feel that I have little to offer."

This is very true, and marks one of Sir Arthur's limitations. He does not interest us in love affairs, or in his women. Fielding could not only give us life "with its wayside hazards," but also bring us acquainted with Amelia and Sophia, whom to have known is great part of a liberal education, in the famous old phrase. In "The White Company" we have lists, indeed, and a scene reminiscent of that immortal passage in "Ivanhoe," where the Disinherited Knight smites, with the point, the shield of the Templar. Sir Arthur's romance of Froissart's age in some ways resembles "The Cloister and the Hearth"; its main interest lies in its "wayside hazards," whether in England, or with the wandering White Company in southern France. The hero, leaving the monastery where he has been educated with that useful old favorite a gigantic, hard-hitting lay-brother, John of Hordle, marches to join a very good knight of fantastic chivalry, Sir Nigel Loring, and fights under his standard, south of the Pyrenees. It is a tale of swords and bows, and we cannot refrain from quoting "The Song of the Bow," which provokes the very unusual wish that the author had written more verse.

What of the bow?

The bow was made in England:  
Of true wood, of yew wood  
The wood of English bows;  
So men who are free  
Love the old yew-tree  
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?

The cord was made in England:  
A rough cord, a tough cord,  
A cord that bowmen love;  
And so we will sing  
Of the hempen string  
And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?

The shaft was cut in England:  
A long shaft, a strong shaft,  
Barbed and trim and true;  
So we'll drink all together  
To the gray goose feather  
And the land where the gray goose  
flew.

What of the mark?

Ah, seek it not in England:  
A bold mark, our old mark  
Is waiting oversea  
When the strings harp in chorus  
And the lion flag is o'er us  
It is there that our mark shall be.

What of the men?

The men were bred in England:  
The bowmen—the yeomen—  
The lads of dale and fell.  
Here's to you—and to you!  
To the hearts that are true  
And the land where the true hearts  
dwell.

The roadside adventures, especially that of the man who has taken sanctuary, and of the pursuing avenger of blood, are brilliant studies of life in Chaucer's time; and, though they are many, they are not too many. The little fighting Sir Nigel, the soul of chivalry, is a very tall man of his hands—almost too excellent a swordsmen for his weight and his inches—while the very plain middle-aged wife whose favor he wears, proclaiming her *la plus belle du monde*, is a figure as

original as her lord. He is an expert in heraldry, and, his sole object being "advancement" in the way of honor, he holds his own in single combat with du Guesclin, though the natural odds are those of Tom Sayers against Heenan. Like the hero of the old song who

Met the devil and Dundee  
On the braes of Killiecrankie,

Sir Nigel "fought by land and fought by sea"; and the adventure of the "Yellow Cog" with the rover galleys is one of the best fights in a book full of fighting. Even after "Ivanhoe" the tournament at Bordeaux and the adventure of the unknown knight seem fresh and stirring; and the unknown knight, du Guesclin, is quite equal to his reputation, when we reach the *Jacquerie*, which was a predestined incident. The siege of a house is always a lively affair, though the artist does not represent the bald and unhelmeted Sir Nigel as a very dangerous opponent; his attitude of self-defence rather resembles that of Mr. Pickwick, which was "paralytic"; indeed he is offering a tame and unheard-of kind of lunge, or rather poke, from the shoulder at an almost naked adversary, who "takes it very unconcernedly." When an archer shoots six hundred and thirty paces, we must presume that the author has warrant for such a prodigious deed with the long bow; to be sure the bowman makes use of his feet, "turning himself into a crossbow." Sir Arthur relies on "one chronicler," criticized by Mr. C. J. Longman in the *Badminton "Book of Archery"*; and that chronicler, Giraldus Cambrensis, does not stand the test of modern experiment.

As Sir Arthur adds historical notes, he might as well name his "old chroniclers," with their dates; otherwise their evidence is of no great value. The novel reader, who is ter-

ribly afraid of coming to know anything accurately, is not likely to look at the notes, and be frightened away by a name and a date. "*The White Company*" is a lively romance, and very good reading for boys and friends of old times and tall knights. There is a love story; but, by separating hero and heroine early in the tale, the author ingeniously avoids a subject in which he does not pretend to shine. The mystic Lady Tiphaine, wife of du Guesclin, with her limited clairvoyance, is not a success; and the author has never distinguished himself in dealing with the supernatural. In consulting with seeresses, "physical contact" is very properly "barred," so as to avoid "muscle-reading"; but Lady Tiphaine (who has a view of the future glories of the British Empire) "would fain lay hands upon someone" when she practices her clairvoyant art. After her success with the vision of the Union Jack, or the English banner, at all events,

"It is over," said du Guesclin, moodily. . . . "Wine for the lady, squire. The blessed hour of sight hath passed!"

Here the author is more patriotic than imaginative, though du Guesclin was naturally vexed, being a good Frenchman, at hearing of our superior colonial expansion.

"*The Refugees*," a tale of the court of Louis XIV, about the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, ends in the Iroquois country, whither the Huguenot characters have fled. The story, though full of life and action, deals with a theme which does not "set the genius" of the author. He has not the finesse for a romance of the court of France; and his foll to all its artificialities, Amos Green, a young English colonial trapper, is of incredible simplicity. He certainly would not have been allowed to shoot at casual birds

in the streets of such rising American townships as Boston and New York, and he could not have expected such sporting privileges in Paris. Yet he is amazed and annoyed when he is not permitted to go about gunning in the midst of the French capital. He is, of course, very shrewd, much too shrewd to be so innocently simple, and he is our old friend the useful Porthos of the novel, like John of Hordle in "The White Company." It is well to have a character who can open any door without a key, and fight more than the three enemies at once, whom Major Bellenden, in "Old Mortality," found too many for any champion except Corporal Raddlebanes. As to the Iroquois, we know their fiendish cruelties even too well from the "Lettres Edifiantes" of the Jesuit missionaries, and we do not care to make closer acquaintance with them in a novel. The following passage shows the courtiers waiting for the king to get out of bed.

Here, close by the king, was the harsh but energetic Louvois, all-powerful now since the death of his rival Colbert, discussing a question of military organization with two officers, the one a tall and stately soldier, the other a strange little figure, undersized and misshapen, but bearing the insignia of a marshal of France, and owning a name which was of evil omen over the Dutch frontier, for Luxembourg was looked upon already as the successor of Condé, even as his companion Vauban was of Turenne. . . . Beside them, a small, white-haired clerical with a kindly face, Père la Chaise, confessor to the king, was whispering his views upon Jansenism to the portly Bossuet, the eloquent Bishop of Meaux, and to the tall, thin, young Abbé de Fénelon, who listened with a clouded brow, for it was suspected that his own opinions were tainted with the heresy in question. There, too, was Le Brun, the painter, discussing art in a small circle which contained his fellow-workers Verrio

and Laguerre, the architects Blondel and Le Nôtre, and sculptors Girardon, Puget, Desjardins, and Coysevoix, whose works have done so much to beautify the new palace of the king. Close to the door, Racine, with his handsome face wreathed in smiles, was chatting with the poet Boileau and the architect Mansard, the three laughing and jesting with the freedom which was natural to the favorite servants of the king, the only subjects who might walk unannounced and without ceremony into and out of his chamber.

"What is amiss with him this morning?" asked Boileau in a whisper, nodding his head in the direction of the royal group. "I fear that his sleep has not improved his temper."

"He becomes harder and harder to amuse," said Racine, shaking his head. "I am to be at Madame de Maintenon's room at three to see whether a page or two of the 'Phédre' may not work a change."

This passage cannot but remind us of the scene with the wits at Button's in "George de Barnwell," and also of an imaginative reporter's account of people at a private view, or some such function. At the period indicated, we need not be told, as we are, that people were not talking about "the last comedy of Molière" or of "the insolence of Pascal." Molière was dead; Pascal was dead; and Paris did not talk for ever about the "Lettres Provinciales." The rivalries of Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon, the night ride of Amos—as adventurous, for a short distance, as that of the musketeers to Calais—remind us of Dumas, and do not bear the comparison. Montespan's attempt to have his wife beheaded is much less convincing than the decapitation of Milady. Here it is.

And thus it was that Amory de Catinat and Amos Green saw from their dungeon window the midnight carriage which discharged its prisoner before their eyes. Hence, too, came that ominous planking and that strange procession in the early morning. And

thus it also happened that they found themselves looking down upon Françoise de Montespan as she was led to her death, and that they heard that last piteous cry for aid at the instant when the heavy hand of the ruffian with the axe fell upon her shoulder, and she was forced down upon her knees beside the block. She shrank screaming from the dreadful red-stained, greasy billet of wood; but the butcher heaved up his weapon, and the seigneur had taken a step forward with hand outstretched to seize the long auburn hair and to drag the dainty head down with it when suddenly he was struck motionless with astonishment, and stood with his foot advanced and his hand still out, his mouth half open, and his eyes fixed in front of him.

We think of the terrific scene when Barbazure's head was struck from his cruel shoulders as he was directing the execution of his innocent and injured spouse, for,

Quick as a flash de Catinat had caught up the axe, and faced de Montespan with the heavy weapon slung over his shoulder, and a challenge in his eyes.

"Now!" said he.

The seigneur had for the instant been too astounded to speak. Now he understood at least that these strangers had come between him and his prey.

However, Montespan stabs "his bearded seneschal through the brown beard and deep into the throat"—strange doings in the golden prime of Louis XIV. The Iroquois adventures are more plausible, and very exciting; while for villain, we have a Franciscan, more fierce and tenacious than any Dominican, who pursues a French heretic into the heart of the Iroquois country, where he gets his end more easily than the brave Père Brébeuf.

A more interesting novel, despite the wild improbabilities of the plot, is "Rodney Stone," where the author is on English soil, among the bloods of the Regency and the heroic bruisers of

an heroic age. The prize-fighters and country folk may be more truly drawn than the dandies; but every one who, like the Quaker lady known to George Borrow, adores "the bruisers of England" will find this a book to his heart's desire. From the old champion, Harrison, to that Sir Nigel Loring of the fancy, young Belcher, and the strange old Buckhorse with his bell-like cry, all Sir Arthur's fighting men are painted in a rich and juicy manner, with a full brush; and his hard-driving Corinthian blackguards are worthy of them, while the Prince Regent is more successful, as an historical portrait, than Louis XIV. There are plenty of "spirited rallies" and "rattling sets-to" in Sir Arthur's short stories; but "The Smith's Last Battle" is his masterpiece, and the chivalrous honesty of that excellent man would have made him justly dear to Borrow's Quakeress.

The best of the author's tales of times past, we have little doubt, are collected in the volume of "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard." This gallant, honest, chivalrous, and gay soldier represents a winning class of Frenchmen of the sword, with a considerable element of sympathetic caricature. The vanity of the Brigadier and his extreme simplicity are a little exaggerated; perhaps the author did not know at first how dear Gerard was to grow to himself and to his readers. In Napier's famous "History of the Peninsular War" we meet many young French officers doing things as desperate as Gerard does, and doing them, like the great Montrose, with an air, with a flourish, with a joyous acceptance of a dramatic opportunity. The English officer who captures Gerard, and plays a game of *écarté* with him for his liberty, was just such another as himself; but "Milor the Hon. Sir Russell, Bart" could never have told his own story. Like Thackeray's

General Webb, and like General Marbot, the Brigadier "is not only brave, but he knows it," and is not at all diffident in making his hearers aware of his prowess. His fight with the Bristol Bustler is not the least audacious of his combats, though, being ignorant of the rules of the fancy, the Brigadier kicked his man. "You strike me on the head, I kick you on the knee"; he thinks that this is perfectly legitimate. "What a glutton he'd have made for the middle-weights," exclaims the Bustler's admiring trainer, after observing, "it's something to say all your life, that you've been handled by the finest light-weight in England." The Bible, as Izaak Walton observes, "always takes angling in the best sense"; and Sir Arthur takes boxing in the same liberal way. Keats would have sympathized with him deeply, for the poet was a man of his hands, and is said to have polished off a truculent butcher. But the Brigadier, of course, shines most with the sword, and mounted; and there is not a tale in the collection which we cannot read with pleasure more than once; indeed they are so equally good that it is hard to select a favorite. Perhaps "How Gerard Won his Medal" and "The Brothers of Ajaccio" come back most pleasantly to the memory, with the Brigadier's remarkable feat in saving the Emperor at Waterloo.

To prefer this book among Sir Arthur's is as much as to say that we deem him better at a *conte* than in the composition of a novel of the conventional length. This is natural, as adventure and description, rather than character and analysis and love stories, are his forte. He has omitted "The Firm of Girdlestone" from this collection, though we prefer it to "A Duet," where the story is one of young married affection, and there are neither swords in the sun nor wigs on the green. Ladies may write love letters about

merinos and alpacas, and "a little white trimming at neck and wrists, and the prettiest pearl trimming. Then the hat *en suite*, pale gray *lisse*, white feather, and brilliant buckle." These things may be written, but the wooer would be as much bored as Bothwell probably was by Queen Mary's sonnets, if she really defied "the laws of God, and man, and metre" (especially metre) in the poems attributed to her by her enemies.

Not here, oh Apollo,  
Are haunts meet for thee.

We cannot pretend to be interested in Frank and Maude, and "the exact position of the wife of the assistant accountant of the Co-operative Insurance Company"—certainly no lofty position for a bride whose father, we learn, had a billiard-room of his own, and everything handsome about him, at "The Laurels, St. Albans." Francis writes "critical papers in the monthlies," and here is an example of his discourse when, with his bride, he visits Westminster Abbey:—

What an assembly it would be if at some supreme day each man might stand forth from the portals of his tomb. Tennyson, the last and almost the greatest of that illustrious line, lay under the white slab upon the floor. Maude and Frank stood reverently beside it.

Sunset and evening star  
And one clear call for me,

Frank quoted. "What lines for a very old man to write! I should put him second only to Shakespeare had I the marshalling of them."

"I have read so little," said Maude.

"We will read it all together after next week. But it makes your reading so much more real and intimate when you have stood at the grave of the man who wrote. That's Chaucer, the big tomb there. He is the father of British poetry. Here is Browning



beside Tennyson—united in life and in death. He was the more profound thinker, but music and form are essential also.” . . .

“Who is that standing figure?”

“It is Dryden. What a clever face, and what a modern type. Here is Walter Scott beside the door. How kindly and humorous his expression was! And see how high his head was from the ear to the crown. It was a great brain. There is Burns, the other famous Scot. Don’t you think there is a resemblance between the faces? And here are Dickens, and Thackeray, and Macaulay. I wonder whether, when Macaulay was writing his essays, he had a premonition that he would be buried in Westminster Abbey. He is continually alluding to the Abbey and its graves. I always think that we have a vague intuition as to what will occur to us in life.”

“We can guess what is probable.”

To find a likeness in the faces of Burns and Scott is certainly original criticism. These young married people certainly “do not overstimulate,” whether they moralize in Mr. Carlyle’s house or in the Abbey.

It may be a vulgar taste, but we decidedly prefer the adventures of Dr. Watson with Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Watson is indeed a creation; his loyalty to his great friend, his extreme simplicity of character, his tranquil endurance of taunt and insult, make him a rival of James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck. Dazzled by the brilliance of Sherlock, who doses himself with cocaine and is an amateur champion of the middle-weights, or very nearly (what would the Bustler’s trainer say to this?), the public overlooks the monumental qualities of Dr. Watson. He, too, had his love affair in “The Sign of Four”; but Mrs. Watson, probably, was felt to be rather in the way when heroic adventures were afoot. After Sherlock returned to life—for he certainly died, if the artist has correctly represented his struggle with Professor

Moriarty—Mrs. Watson faded from this mortal scene.

The idea of Sherlock is the idea of Zadig in Voltaire’s *conte*, and of d’Artagnan exploring the duel in “Le Vicomte de Bragelonne,” and of Poe’s Dupin, and of Monsieur Lecoq; but Sir Arthur handles the theme with ingenuity always fresh and fertile; we may constantly count on him to mystify and amuse us. In we forget what state trial of the eighteenth century, probably the affair of Elizabeth Canning, a witness gave evidence that some one had come from the country. He was asked how he knew, and said that there was country mud on the man’s clothes, not London mud, which is black. That witness possessed the secret of Sherlock; he observed, and remembered, and drew inferences, yet he was not a professional thief-taker.

The feats of Sherlock Holmes do not lend themselves as inspiring topics to criticism. If we are puzzled and amused we get as much as we want, and, unless our culture is very precious, we are puzzled and amused. The *roman policier* is not the roof and crown of the art of fiction, and we do not rate Sherlock Holmes among the masterpieces of the human intelligence; but many persons of note, like Bismarck and Moltke, are known to have been fond of Gaboriau’s tales. In these, to be sure, there really is a good deal of character of a sort; and there are some entertaining scoundrels and pleasant irony in the detective novels of Xavier de Montépin and Fortuné du Boisgobey, sonorous names that might have been borne by crusaders! But the adventures of Sherlock are too brief to permit much study of character. The thing becomes a formula, and we can imagine little variation, unless Sherlock falls in love, or Watson detects him in blackmailing a bishop. This moral error might plausibly be set down to that over-



indulgence in cocaine which never interferes with Sherlock's physical training or intellectual acuteness. Sir Arthur writes in one of his prefaces:—

I can well imagine that some of my critics may express surprise that, in an edition of my works from which I have rigorously excluded all that my literary conscience rejects, I should retain stories which are cast in this primitive and conventional form. My own feeling upon the subject is that all forms of literature, however humble, are legitimate if the writer is satisfied that he has done them to the highest of his power. To take an analogy from a kindred art, the composer may range from the oratorio to the comic song and be ashamed of neither so long as his work in each is as honest as he can make it. It is insincere work, scamped work, work which is consciously imitative, which a man should voluntarily suppress before time saves him the trouble. As to work which is unconsciously imitative, it is not to be expected that a man's style and mode of treatment should spring fully formed from his own brain. The most that he can hope is that as he advances the outside influences should decrease and his own point of view become clearer and more distinctive.

Edgar Allen Poe, who, in his carelessly prodigal fashion, threw out the seeds from which so many of our present forms of literature have sprung, was the father of the detective tale, and covered its limits so completely that I fail to see how his followers can find any fresh ground which they can confidently call their own. For the secret of the thinness and also of the intensity of the detective story is that the writer is left with only one quality, that of intellectual acuteness, with which to endow his hero. Everything else is outside the picture and weakens the effect. The problem and its solution must form the theme, and the character-drawing be limited and subordinate. On this narrow path the writer must walk, and he sees the footmarks of Poe always in front of him. He is happy if he ever finds the means

of breaking away and striking out on some little side-track of his own.

Not much more is left to be said by the most captious reviewer. A novelist writes to please; and if his work pleases, as it undeniably does, a great number and variety of his fellow-citizens, why should his literary conscience reject it? If Poe had written more stories about Dupin—his Sherlock Holmes—and not so many about corpses and people buried alive, he would be a more agreeable author. It is a fact that the great majority of Sherlock's admirers probably never heard of Poe; do not know that detective stories date from Dupin, and stories of ciphers and treasure from "The Golden Bug," or beetle, as the insect is usually styled in English. Of Sir Arthur's debt to Poe there is no more to say than he has said. Perhaps he has not himself observed that his tale of "The Man with the Twisted Lip" is a variant of the adventure of Mr. Altamont in the "Memoirs of James Fitzjames de la Pluche." The "mistry" of that hero's "buth," by the way, seems to have revealed in his Christian names, which, like the motto of Clan Alpine, murmur, "My race is royal." Readers who remember the case of Mr. Altamont are not puzzled by the disappearance of Mr. Neville St. Clair.

Possibly the homicidal ape in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" suggested the homicidal Andaman islander in "The Sign of Four." This purely fictitious little monster enables us to detect the great detective and expose the superficial character of his knowledge and methods. The Andamanese are cruelly libelled, and have neither the malignant qualities, nor the heads like mops, nor the weapons, nor the customs, with which they are credited by Sherlock. He has detected the wrong savage, and injured the character of an

amiable people. The *bo:jig-ngijji* is really a religious, kindly creature, has a Deluge and a Creation myth, and shaves his head, not possessing scissors. Sherlock confessedly took his knowledge of the *bo:jig-ngijji* from "a gazetteer," which is full of nonsense. "The average height is below four feet!" The average height is four feet ten inches and a half. The gazetteer says that "massacres are invariably concluded by a cannibal feast." Mr. E. H. Man, who knows the people thoroughly, says "no lengthened investigation was needed to disprove this long-credited fiction, for not a trace could be discovered of the existence of such a practice in their midst, even in far-off times."

In short, if Mr. Sherlock Holmes, instead of turning up a common work of reference, had merely glanced at the photographs of Andamanese, trim, elegant, closely-shaven men, and at a few pages in Mr. Man's account of them in "The Journal of the Anthropological Institute" for 1881, he would have sought elsewhere for his little savage villain with the blow-pipe. A Fuegian who had lived a good deal on the Amazon might have served his turn.

A man like Sherlock, who wrote a monograph on over a hundred varieties of tobacco-ash, ought not to have been gulled by a gazetteer. Sherlock's Andamanese fights with a blow-pipe and poisoned arrows. Neither poisoned arrows nor blow-pipes are used by the islanders, according to Mr. Man. These melancholy facts demonstrate that Mr. Holmes was not the paragon of Dr. Watson's fond imagination, but a very superficial fellow, who knew no more of the Mincopies (a mere nickname derived from their words for "come here") than did Mr. Herbert Spencer.

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Sherlock is also as ignorant as Dickens was of a very simple matter, the ordinary British system of titles. He has a client, and he looks for that client in another "book of reference," not the light-hearted gazetteer which he consults with the pious confidence that Mrs. Gallup bestows on the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He discovers that the client's name is "Lord Robert Walsingham de Vere St. Simon, second son of the Duke of Balmoral"—not a plausible title at best. Yet, knowing this, and finding, in the "Morning Post," the client's real name, both Sherlock and the egregious Watson speak of Lord Robert St. Simon throughout as "Lord St. Simon"! The unhappy "nobleman," with equal ignorance of his place in life, signs himself, "Yours faithfully, St. Simon."

Of course we expect that so clumsy a pretender to be the second son of a duke will be instantly exposed by the astute Sherlock. Not so; Sherlock "thinks it all very capital." Now would Sherlock have called the late Lord Randolph Churchill "Lord Churchill," or would he have been surprised to hear that Lord Randolph did not sign himself "Churchill"? Anthropology we do not expect from Sherlock, but he really ought to have known matters of everyday usage. The very "page boy" announces "Lord Robert St. Simon"; but Sherlock salutes the visitor as "Lord St. Simon," and the pretended nobleman calls his wife "Lady St. Simon." But do not let us be severe on the great detective for knowing no more of anthropology than of other things! Rather let us wish him "good hunting," and prepare to accompany Dr. Watson and him, when next they load their revolvers, and go forth to the achieving of great adventures.

## MACEDONIAN RELIEF.

BY LADY THOMPSON.

The half-dozen English, men and women, who spent last winter in the heart of Macedonia as agents for the Relief Funds had certainly an exceptional opportunity of learning something, from the inside, of the conditions of life in the Turkish Empire. The vilayet of Monastir was divided for relief purposes into six districts, with Monastir, Ochrida, Kichevo, Florina, Resna, and Kastoria as centres. Here depôts for the distribution of blankets, clothing, and flour, hospitals and dispensaries were opened, and from these headquarters it was possible to visit and keep in touch with the circle of burnt and ruined villages lying within a radius of some two days' ride. Here, remote from Western civilization, with no other company but a small staff of Greek or Albanian helpers, an escort of Turkish soldiers, the Kaimakan, the Greek or Bulgarian bishop, possibly a kind and hospitable Bey, and the peasants themselves, the relief agent was brought into close and hourly contact with many of the conflicting elements of Macedonian life, and, if one was forced to make and unmake one's opinions many times over, it was at least impossible not to become vitally interested in every aspect of the struggle. For myself, I may say at the outset that I went to Turkey with no strong political bias and with no settled convictions either way, prompted only by the sympathy with the homeless and suffering, common to all who had read of the troubles in Macedonia, and who knew by experience what such suffering meant.<sup>1</sup>

The district of Kastoria, which fell

to my share, lies for five months of the year half in mud and half in ice and snow. High roads and bridges, no doubt, exist there as elsewhere in Turkey, but the traveller usually prefers a more direct track, whatever its difficulties may be, to the winding chaussée, and, as the officer in charge of our escort gave his men standing orders never to cross a bridge, we plunged down and up precipitous banks into turbulent streams rather than trust ourselves to such rotten planks as remained in the bridge we saw tottering above our heads. This year one met few travellers upon the road: sometimes a Bey, with his attendants armed with the large and ornamental collection of weapons without which no Albanian considers himself properly dressed; sometimes a whole village, bringing loads of firewood to the nearest town; once, with a large mounted escort, the correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya*, the object of even more suspicion and conjecture than myself. Sometimes one passed a flock of brown sheep and goats, guarded by a Wallachian shepherd, who, wrapt in his rough-hooded cloak, looked like one of his own herd in a different shape. At long intervals, floating in seas of mud or hidden in snow, hardly distinguishable in color or form, one came to what remained of once prosperous Bulgarian villages.

There was a certain grim irony in those journeys to the burnt villages, guarded by an escort of perhaps the very soldiers who had wrought their destruction. It says much for the natural courtesy of the Turk and for his

<sup>1</sup> Miss Kathleen Bruce went out to Macedonia with me, but unfortunately fell ill with

typhoid after the first month and was obliged to return to England.

resignation to circumstances, be they what they may, that I can remember nothing but good-temper and constant little acts of kindness on the part of every trooper or *souvarri*, whose unpleasant duty it was to travel with us, in all weathers, while we carried relief to their mortal enemies. The fact that the winter was, for Macedonia, a mild one, was claimed by Christians and Mussulmans alike as a special mark of Divine favor. "See how good God is to the Christians," one often heard. "He knows they have no houses, and He has not sent the snow so early this year;" while the Turks would say, "Ah, God remembers our poor soldiers in their tents." And, indeed, the soldiers had need of pity. Picketed every hundred yards along each line of railway in Turkey, in the snow of the mountain passes or the deep mud of the wind-swept plains, often shoeless, and always in rags, sometimes even without food, their lot seemed most miserable; but they were ever uncomplaining and ready with the same loyal answer, "If the Sultan knew we wanted shoes and coats, he would send them to-morrow. But there are bad people round him, and they will not tell him of our need."

It was no doubt harder for the officer in charge of our escort to acquiesce in a situation which must have seemed to him extraordinary and unnatural in the extreme. The authorities had made it a first condition that an officer or Government *employé* should be present at every distribution which was made, and that he should go with us to each house we visited. Bulgarian women are sometimes not afraid to speak even in the presence of a Turkish officer, and it was often as unpleasant for him to hear their stories and to witness their sufferings as it was to see English women giving help to those who, from his point of view, had been justly punished for rebelling against

the Padishah. But here again, though we exhausted the strength or the patience of three officers in the first month alone, one could only wonder at the forbearance and good temper they had shown in the discharge of such distasteful duty. It gave us something of a shock, certainly, when after a discussion on loyalty to the Sultan we asked the young officer who had been our daily companion for some weeks what he would do if orders came from the palace for the execution of the two English ladies in Kastoria. His cheerful face fell for an instant, but he answered at once with a slight shrug of the shoulders: "I should have to do it, I should be very sorry;" adding, kindly and seriously, "but there is no need to suppose the order will be sent." Everything comes to those who wait in Turkey, and the escort of forty, who were sent with us at first into the so-called dangerous districts, dwindled down after a few weeks to a single *souvarri* (mounted gendarme), who spoke no Bulgarian, and with him I was allowed to visit the villages where and when I pleased.

It is true that there were times of anxiety, when we feared that the Government would put an end to what was, perhaps, the most valuable part of our work, that of medical relief. The Turkish authorities opened a hospital in Kastoria for Bulgarians last December, as a rival to the ambulance we had started earlier, and we were told that before long all our patients would be removed there. The Turkish hospital in Kastoria was a contrast to the so-called hospital the Government authorities had opened before in a village near in response to Mr. Brailsford's representations as to the sickness of the district. When we had visited this wretched attic—for there was but one room—we had found five patients ill with pneumonia and in the sixth bed a child with fully developed smallpox.

The doctor had not been there for three days, and the patients had had nothing but bread to eat. But the Turkish hospital in Kastoria was a fine house, far better than ours, and the arrangements, on paper, seemed all that could be wished. But no patients, unless forcibly taken by soldiers, could be induced to go there. At one time our hospital was filled to overflowing, nearly fifty patients lying on mattresses in every available corner in space that perhaps sufficed for twenty-five, and at last we were forced to harden our hearts and to refuse fresh cases. In vain we represented the charms of the Turkish hospital, its well-aired rooms, its comfortable rugs, its highly qualified doctors. In vain I promised to go there with the patients myself, and to visit them daily. No, if they could not stay with us, they would go back to their villages, and so, weak and aching with fever and influenza, the sufferers would climb again on to their animals and journey back another six or seven hours of weary road, rather than trust themselves to the tender mercies of their foes. But even the hospital difficulties were adjusted in the end, and, on the whole, considering the nature of our mission and the responsibility our presence entailed on the authorities, one could once more only wonder at the consideration and kindness shown to us. Nothing, of course, could have been done without the firm and cordial support of Mr. MacGregor, the British Consul at Monastir, and of Mr. Graves, the Consul-General, and Mr. Heard, the Vice-Consul at Salonica, and, in the last resort, of the Ambassador at Constantinople.

The first questions asked with reference to relief work in Macedonia are usually, Was there real distress, and was the help sent from England really necessary? To both I unhesitatingly answer, "Yes." The district of

Kastoria was by no means the poorest in the vilayet, but without the English blankets, the flour and money given to the widows and orphans, the old and sick, and, above all, without the hospital and doctors supported by the Funds, the suffering and mortality would have been very great. It is, moreover, perhaps allowable to question whether, without the example of English charity, the two monthly doles given by the Sultan to the women and children of the burnt villages would have been forthcoming. "My Government has rebuilt an immense number of houses for the villagers," Hilmi Pasha told me last December. "Perhaps you would like to know the exact numbers." An official brought in sheets of statistics. The figures ran into some thousands already, but I can affirm, that in the Kastoria region, at all events, no single house has been rebuilt by the Turks. Grants were made to the peasants for rebuilding, varying from a few piastres to £T3; but a sum of less than 4s. will not pay for the construction of even a mud hut, and peasants whose stone houses represented the savings of a lifetime and had cost more than £100 declined to take the proffered grant.

The ravages of earthquake, eruption, and hurricane are terrible enough, but I have seen few pictures of human misery to compare with that of a mountain village to which we came one gloomy winter's day. A furious blizzard, with blinding clouds of hail and snow that cut like knives, had risen suddenly, as we were crossing the ridge some 2,000 feet high, which divided the village from the outside world, and our horses could scarcely be made to face the blasts that swept down from the snow mountains beyond. The rough Turkish soldiers, with the touching instinctive kindness they always showed us, placed themselves as a screen, as far as they could, between



me and the wind, but it was a ride that tested even their powers of endurance. Not a human being was to be seen out of doors when the first of our party rode into the village, and when at last some women caught sight of the horses, their scream of "*Asker, asker*" ("*Soldiers, soldiers*"), and their terror-stricken flight told their own tale. Fire and dynamite had done their work well; but against the fragments of walls the people had put up some kind of shelter, thatched with grass or reeds, often without door or window, for in the winter it is not possible to prepare timber from the forest for use, and there was no money to buy planks. The whole village was lying sick with influenza and typhoid. In some huts, penetrated by every cruel blast, choked with blinding smoke from the wood fires, the whole family lay groaning on the mud floor, too weak to move even a few inches to escape the drip of snow through the roof, too helpless to prepare any nourishment, even had the means been at hand. We had been drenched by the storm long before we reached the village, but an old umbrella, a last reminiscence of former prosperity, which had survived the chances of war, was discovered and kindly carried over me as we went from house to house. Very little could be done that day to alleviate the suffering. We left the doctor there to spend the night in company with some twenty villagers in the one watertight room left standing; and for days afterwards a melancholy procession of men, women, and children, fastened as best might be on horses and donkeys hired by us from a Turkish village near, came into our hospital in Kastoria. There, under the kindly care of our doctor and two Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, a few days or weeks of warmth and abundant food were, as a rule, able to restore the sufferers to some meas-

ure of health and strength, with which once more to face the privations of their ruined homes.

The life of a Bulgarian peasant is at best devoid of all that we should call comfort, and when I speak here of the Bulgarian I refer of course to the Bulgarian of Macedonia and not to his more fortunate brother in free and prosperous Bulgaria. His staple food is bread and onions; his mud house contains little beyond the mattress on which the family sit by day and sleep by night, some heavy native rugs, and the few pots and tins which serve his household needs. His wealth—if wealth it can be called—is in his herds and his fields; if he is ambitious—and the Bulgarian makes a successful emigrant, even when he goes as far afield as America—he will go abroad for part of the year to work as a mason or on the railway. But, though the peasant may own the land he cultivates, he finds the 20 or 30 per cent. tax to the Government so burdensome that in many districts he has rooted up his vines rather than pay the tax levied on every tree on his land. The outlook for the peasant this summer is but dreary. He is not allowed to go abroad to work, he can see his flocks in the hands of his Turkish neighbors, and recognize his own cloak on a passing soldier. His store of grain was burnt or carried off by the troops last autumn. This spring, as he had no oxen to plough for him, he has been reduced to the spade, and he has sown perhaps one-third of his usual crops. The burning of villages is unfortunately a recognized necessity even in civilized warfare, and from the point of view of the Turkish Government it was, perhaps, the only means of cutting off supplies from the insurgent bands, and to that extent justifiable as far as such steps ever can be justified; but there can hardly be a method of warfare more disas-



trous and expensive to all concerned, more cruel and more far-reaching in results and more calculated to prolong and embitter racial struggles.

Each day's work brought some sad story or picture of its own before us. Four little girls, whose parents had both been shot as they fled from their village; three others—mere babies—whom we found sitting round a great pot in their smoky cabin, their mother dead from exposure, their father incurably ill at the hospital; a young girl in deep distress, because her wedding clothes had been burnt, and now no one would want a portionless bride; the widow of a village priest, a woman with wild hunted eyes who had not slept since the bodies of her husband and his brother had been found on the mountains weeks before, and who, unable to rest, even in our hospital, passed on to die a few days later; haggard boys and girls, whose wounds had remained undressed some six or seven months; men just out of the unspeakable prisons—"We could live there through the winter, but had it been summer we must have died"—a village priest, crippled for life and still prostrate from the bastinado he had endured three times some eight months before; an old father and mother, who came every week on a hopeless mission, a five hours' journey, to ask if I could give them tidings yet of their deaf and dumb boy, whom the soldiers were supposed to have carried away; sometimes young girls, for whom one could only hope that forgetfulness or death might come; and always a tale of widows, old and young, to which there seemed no end; such were a few of the cases that came to us for what help or comfort we could give. An old black woman in St. Vincent, whose husband and son had been killed in the hurricane, speaking of her loneliness, said to me, "And

when I go to market now, there is only me and my shadow;" but there, is something more pathetic still perhaps in a phrase one heard often enough in Macedonia in answer to the question, "How many souls are you?" "I sit alone."

There are but two ways of death recognized as possible for a Bulgarian in Turkey these days, and one soon learnt to ask as a matter of course, "And how did your husband die, *ot Gospod ili ot Turzi?*" ("from God or from the Turks"); just as there were apparently but two dates when the women had become widows, *ot vreme* (a long time ago) or *na leto-to* (last summer). There is, too, an illness, more or less serious and sometimes fatal, peculiar to Macedonia, openly avowed by the sufferers and recognized by name by the doctors—*strach* (fear). How many women, and men too, did we not see this winter, literally bent to the ground, unable to lift up their heads, unable to walk, unable to speak, and yet organically sound and uninjured! It was not only the horror of burning houses, the hasty flight before the soldiers, the grief for those who fell, but it was the weeks and sometimes months spent in hiding and suspense on the mountains, after the villages were destroyed, and before they dared come back to their ruined homes. They hardly knew how they had lived through those weeks. "We were five or ten together, and we crawled through the bushes and hid in caves. When our babies cried we smothered them in our jackets, so that no one should hear them. We lived on berries and sometimes three or four women went down to the unburnt villages to bring back food." Small wonder that few of the babies born since the insurrection survived, and few, too, of their mothers. By one of the strange inconsistencies to which one becomes so rapidly accustomed in

Turkey, women are usually sent on difficult missions, because the same soldiers, who in the hot excitement of war will commit the darkest outrages, will, as a rule, refrain from touching a woman at other times. Thus, in a recent disturbance between Greeks and Bulgarians in Kastoria, when the Turkish troops were called in to restore order, the Bulgarians put their women in front of the crowd, knowing that the soldiers would not hurt them; and this winter, when there was something of a reign of terror along the high roads, it was always the women who were sent out from the villages for wood or water.

Yet the Bulgarian is in no sense a coward. He makes a far better conspirator and insurgent than the Greek. He does not pose, he is in deadly earnest, he is reckless of life, he is frugal and hardy, he can organize, he can be silent, he can wait his time. I came once upon an armed band in hiding in a village when my Turkish guard were waiting in the street below. "Are you not afraid to be here in your uniform, when the soldiers may come into the house at any moment?" I asked the chief, a man with insurgent written on every line of his person. "I can only die once, and I am always ready," and he insisted on escorting me to the very door. Nor can I forget how a band of Komits, when they learnt through a cypher letter that certain well-known Greek bandits had determined to take me and hold me up for ransom—and the ransom paid for a foreigner has often helped to provide insurgents of all parties with the sinews of war—at the risk of their own lives, unknown to me and unseen, formed a guard on each side of the track, as I rode back to my night's quarters, and stayed round my house till daylight, in spite of the presence of some hundred soldiers in search of the Greek brigands, and of my own escort; and how, with

a chivalrous consideration more touching still, they had said, "Do not let Madama know anything of this, in case it should make her afraid when she goes to the villages again."

It is the custom of one section of the European press to describe the Bulgarian peasant of Macedonia as the tool of the Revolutionary Committee which sits in safety at Sofia or as a desperado who spends each summer as a picnic on the mountains, with a large supply of cigarettes and a rifle across his shoulder, making occasional descents on the Bulgarian villages round, from which he terrorizes provisions and fresh recruits, while once in a way he burns a Turkish *chiftlik*, murders a gendarme, or intercepts and robs a team of harmless muleteers. The committee does, no doubt, regulate the movements of the peasants, and, though its methods are by no means always beyond reproach, they are at least well adapted to the end in view, and with this end every Bulgarian peasant, old or young, in Macedonia is in complete sympathy, even though some may, from prudential motives, hang back from active participation in the struggle. Last April the Patriarch sent round to the Ambassadors in Constantinople a formidable list of the crimes committed by Bulgarians during the past year. There was probably a percentage of exaggeration in the list, and there was certainly a percentage of unjustifiable cruelty; but in many cases there was a reason for what was done. Life is held cheap in the East, and in a country seething with insurrection and riddled with secret organizations the greatest of all crimes is treachery; and for a spy there is and can be but one punishment. The Pope and school-master of a Bulgarian village not far from Kastoria were suspected some weeks ago of "Patriarchist," that is to say, of Greek tendencies. To be sus-

pected by the committees is unfortunately also to be convicted. The village met together, and the Pope and schoolmaster were executed in front of the church door. The Turkish authorities very properly arrested the Headman and Elders at once. A few days afterwards a deputation of their wives came to ask me if I would not explain the circumstances to the Kaimakan and ask for their release. It was in vain to represent to them, using their own phrase, "that life was God's gift," and must not be taken, even by a whole village in conclave, and that punishment must follow. The women would only repeat, "But they were wicked men, *gospoja*; they were spies, they had to be killed, and the whole village met together and killed them," and they went away, shrugging their shoulders and sighing, "She does not understand."

A very attractive boy was thrown into prison, while I was in Kastoria, as a revolutionary. The *souvarris* themselves told me that the only evidence against him was an umbrella and an old Bulgarian newspaper, found in his room, and he was released after a day or two. He came to see me, righteously indignant at the injustice of his arrest. "But, as a matter of fact, you were with the bands last summer, I suppose?" "Oh yes; of course I was." This boy had been concerned in the murder of some thirty men belonging to the one Turkish hamlet in a long tract of country peopled entirely by Bulgarians. The Turks have devoted much time and money and a great deal of persuasion of various kinds during the past centuries to effect the conversion of certain villages built in good strategical positions; and the objections to a settlement of *Pomaks*, as such converts are called, in the heart of a district deeply committed to the revolutionary movement are sufficiently patent. In any case, the deed was done.

and the thirty poor widows in black Turkish garments, with Bulgarian eyes peeping over their white Turkish veils and the well-known Bulgarian voice issuing from their depths, came to us for help, together with the murderers of their husbands, all through the winter. "Surely it was a very wicked deed," I said to my friend, the young Komit; "that is the kind of thing that turns away the sympathy of civilized Christian countries from your cause." "Why do you call it a wicked deed, *gospoja*? We sent the women and children and old men out of the village before we killed any of their men. We were not cruel at all. The men were spies, our lives were in their hands." It is a point of view that cannot be altogether ignored, when the balance of "criminality" is in question. A price is on the heads of the leaders of the bands, who are themselves as a rule peasants belonging to the district, and consequently known to every child in the neighborhood. The visit of a band to a village for rest or for supplies can hardly be kept secret from anyone there, and a single traitor may mean the capture or death of the whole band.

Nothing seems to strike the Western mind as more incomprehensible than the attitude of the Christian subjects of the Porte to each other. Surely, it is said, if their Turkish master were all he is represented to be, Greeks and Bulgarians, Wallachians and Serbs would sink their differences and unite to drive him from his already tottering throne. But it must be borne in mind that these differences are entirely political, and in no sense religious. A Greek would be as little satisfied in the free Macedonia, to which the Bulgarian aspires, as the Bulgarian would be in the extension of the Greek kingdom, which is the dream of Hellenism. It is a question of race and nationality, in no sense of faith or doctrine, and it

owes its religious aspect only to the fact that the priests, with the school-masters, are on both sides the promoters of the propaganda. Dissensions between Christian nations are not unknown in Western Europe, and the dissensions of Bulgarian and Greek in Macedonia are but further instances of that incompatibility of national temperaments and aspirations which the struggles of Finns and Poles, of Magyars and Celts, have illustrated again and again.

To belong to the Exarchate, in short, means sympathy with Bulgarian aspirations; to belong to the Patriarchate means sympathy with those of Greece, and also at the present juncture a certain degree of protection from the Porte. The Greek and Bulgarian rites are practically identical, except that Mass is said in ancient Greek in the one and in ancient Slavonic in the other, both being, of course, equally unintelligible to the people. There is but little or no difference in the education given in the country districts by the rival Churches, and none in the status of their village priests. An American Congregationalist missionary, who had spent twenty years in the country, said to a well-known authority on all Eastern matters that never in all his experience had he met one priest of the Eastern Churches in Turkey whom he should call a spiritually minded man. "Add twenty years to that," said a high dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, to whom the remark was repeated, "and you have my experience also."

The Greek monasteries of Turkey reveal a curious picture of decay. These vast mediæval buildings, fortress rather than convent, standing on wooded mountain slopes or sheltered among great plane trees by the lakes, once rich and powerful, are now tenanted only by a few monks and lay brothers, who cultivate the fields around. The

religious side of monastic life has almost ceased to be, but the monastery supplies the place in Turkey of poor-house and lunatic asylum. Here orphans and widows take up their abode, and in return for shelter occupy themselves in a desultory fashion with the work of the place; and here are to be found those unfortunates into whom it is believed that the Evil One has entered. Only by prayer and fasting can the devil be driven out; and the patient is kept on a diet of bread with vinegar and water, subjected to heavy flagellations, while many prayers are said over him. I have heard, both from doctors and from unprejudiced foreigners, that wonderful cures have been effected by this treatment in certain monasteries of special sanctity; but the process is a terrible one. In a monastery where I spent the night a few weeks ago a village priest, possibly of weak intellect, but certainly quite harmless, was confined in a cell that was nothing more than a noisome hole in the ground; his hands tied across his breast, his neck fastened to the wall by a chain in such a way that he could not lie down, with all the horrors of cold, solitude, and darkness, and this not for days only, but for weeks and even months together, so that it seemed there was little more that human strength or reason could endure. "Did he know you?" I asked his fellow villager, who had been allowed to see him. "Oh yes, he did. 'Giorgi,' he said, 'bring me some water. They have forgotten to give me any to-day.'" "Does he not want to escape?" "He does not like being there in the dark, but he does not want to leave the monastery."

The monastery of which I write can be reached in five days from London, but, until one remembered that in England too not a hundred years ago the feeble-minded and the insane knew no other treatment, one seemed to

have travelled back into the Middle Ages.

The struggles in the cause of propaganda between the rival Churches are not edifying. Threats of persecution and promises of protection are employed liberally by the Exarchate and Patriarchate alike. It is by no means unnatural that the peasants who since the destruction of their villages have received shelter and protection in Greek monasteries should have given in their allegiance to the Patriarch in consequence; but sometimes the system is revealed in a cruder form.

The Patriarchate lately purchased the adherence of several families in a certain village for the sum of £3 a household, for money went a long way this winter. It was necessary to provide a priest for this Orthodox nucleus. A long black robe and a high hat were ordered from Monastir, and by the time they arrived the Archbishop's choice had fallen on an old man, called Paniotti, who, it chanced, had been a patient in our hospital, and who had been allowed to stay on beyond the necessary time because of his extreme poverty. It mattered in no wise that Paniotti was unable to read or write, and that he was quite unfamiliar with the ceremonial or the words of the Liturgy; a confused mumbling in an imaginary tongue would satisfy the peasants for their baptisms, marriages, and funerals, and for the monthly blessing of their houses, and the thin end of the wedge of Greek interests had been inserted in another Bulgarian community.

Yet another net is spread for the soul of the Bulgarian peasant. The convert from the Exarchate to the Roman Church in Turkey will find the same

rite to which he is accustomed and blindly attached in the same tongue, the same Ikonostasis screening the altar from the congregation, and, strangest of all to those outside, he will hear Mass said by a married priest. The Uniate Bulgarian Church differs only from her rival sisters in that she is in full communion with the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, and in that she looks to the Pope as her spiritual head.<sup>2</sup>

What wonder if the peasant, ignorant as to the facts, confused as to the issues, harassed by tax-gatherer, harassed by the committees, harassed by the Archbishop, for the price of a new house or for the sake of a quiet life puts himself on the side which at the moment can promise him the most.

But though they understand but few words of their Mass, though they have vague ideas of doctrine and the least possible amount of instruction and help from their priests, Christianity is still a living reality to the peasants. In a country where to be a Christian implies social disabilities of many kinds and even actual dangers, Bulgarian mothers do not hesitate to tattoo a cross between the eyes of their girl babies. "When we were on the mountains, how we wept and how we prayed!" said the woman; and I have seen patients in the hospital seize the Crucifix hanging at the Sister's side and kiss it fervently, saying, "Nash Christ-us" ("Our Christ"), with the same pride and joy of possession as they would speak of their own insurgent leader.

There is something of the Mussulman's resignation to a supreme fate, something of his religious fanaticism in the Eastern Christian's attitude to

<sup>2</sup> Roman Catholic and American Protestant missions to the Bulgarians have been in existence for many years, and, though the converts have not been very numerous they have proved sincere and devout. The missions

have been content to work slowly, trusting chiefly to their schools, and perhaps yet more, though unconsciously, to the example of simple and devoted lives, whether of priest and nun or of missionary and teacher.



his faith. "*Gospod* and *Kismet*" ("God and Fate") are almost interchangeable words. With the Bulgarian again, as with the Turk, the keeping of fasts is almost the chief feature in his religion. The Bulgarian keeps his church fasts with a rigor unknown to the Greek; a sick man will touch no meat, and milk is refused even to the unfortunate babies on a forbidden day. "He is a good man; he neither eats, drinks, or smokes all day in Ramazan," a Turk will say of some reprobate who has committed every crime forbidden in the Decalogue.

The peasant is strongly attached to his own village. "Our village used to be the most beautiful of all, and now it is the most miserable," they would often say; but it generally seemed to be the ruin of his church even more than of his home that had gone to his heart. The church of a burnt village had usually been left untouched since the soldiers had worked their will on it—the altar overthrown and broken, the eyes and jewels of the Saints in the *ikonostasis* torn out, the pictures defaced, the pulpit flung to the ground, the lamps lying in fragments on the pavement. I asked why no effort had been made to restore some appearance of order after these many months. "We want Europe to know what has been done to our churches," was always the answer, "and you must tell what you have seen."

One can but hope that the Eastern Church, strong in its great traditions, strong in the hold it still has, in spite of its present deficiencies, on the peoples of Eastern Europe, may yet have within it the seeds of regeneration. When the day for pruning and purifying comes, as it came in due course to the Western Churches, the branch which now seems dead must surely grow again with renewed vigor.

What, one is often tempted to ask, would any European nation have made

of the task of governing Macedonia, with its babel of tongues, its reckless fanatical peoples, its tangled and conflicting interests? The Porte, with its policy of *divido et impera*, has made no effort to impose one language or one creed on its subjects. Difference of language, though it forms no bar to intercourse in a country where the ear is trained from infancy to the sound of many tongues, mean difference of interests and ambitions. The Porte has failed to weld these opposing elements together and to produce the sense of security and protection which might have formed some common bond for its subjects, and the task must eventually be given to others. Whether the solution be found in the extension of Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece, or whether by the appointment of a Christian Governor, nominally tributary to the Porte, over the whole country, there is at least one subject on which Turks, Bulgarians, and Greeks are united—the dread of a Russian occupation. "We would rather all go down to Salonica and drown ourselves in the sea."

There are tragedies on every side in the Balkan peninsula; but, perhaps, there are few greater tragedies than that presented by the Turkish Empire itself, incapable of reform, dictated to by every Power in turn, conscious that the hand of every man in Europe is against it, conscious that it owes its solitary ally, and even its very existence only to the selfish motives of other Powers. "They want to drive us back into Asia," said a young staff officer, "but there will be none of us left to cross the Straits."

As to the future of Macedonia, for those who have seen the sufferings of its people, and heard from their own lips something of their hopes and fears, who have felt the charm of its wide plains, its desolate mountains, its great lakes, and its old-world customs, there



is, alas, no greater comfort than the phrase one hears daily in many tongues in the East, "*Koe znai?*" ("Who knows?") Want of funds, dissensions among the leaders at Sofia, possibly even a wish to give the so-called reforms some trial, may delay events; but when once the idea of *svoboda* (liberty) has penetrated into the heart and soul of a people as it has with the Macedonians, it can only be a question of time before they obtain what they desire. A people whose children and young women bear arms, whose speech and songs breathe nothing but love of country and desire for liberty, who, knowing well that, without foreign help, their ill-armed bands can have no chance against regular troops, are yet willing, year after year, to sacrifice the finest of their youth for their cause, are not likely to be satisfied with half-measures.

A programme of reforms, it is true, was drawn up some eight months ago, but up till the end of April there was no tangible proof, no vestige of any reform to be found in the interior of Macedonia. The civil agents from Russia and Austria have been sitting for months in conclave with Hilmi Pasha at Salonica. Yet another diplomatic convention between Turkey and Bulgaria has been concluded and there are actually scattered through Macedonia a few foreign gendarmerie officers whose powers the skill of the Sultan has reduced almost to vanishing point. But what is there in all this to offer to the peasants and to satisfy their reasonable expectations? How can one ask them to trust the sincerity of Powers and the efficiency of reforms which one doubts oneself?

It rests with Europe to decide whether it must be only after years of suffering, of repeated insurrection, and of yet more bitter retribution, that the end is gained. There are hundreds of Bulgarian villages still unburnt, and the

people will rise again and again. "How long did it take the Americans to get free from England?" a wounded boy of fourteen asked an American missionary. "They were fighting for seven years." "Very well, then, we will fight for seventeen." Mission teachers in Bulgarian schools have told me that in the summer their pupils become absent-minded and indifferent to their lessons. "What is the matter with you?" they asked a bright child of seven or eight, who seemed unable to master the simplest task. He burst into tears and answered: "My father and brother have gone to the mountains and I want to go with them." "Why didn't you go out with the bands last year?" I asked a little boy of much the same age. "Because I had no gun. I wish you would give me one." And to the question, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" the children had but one answer, "A chief of Komits!"

More than once an envelope was put into my hands addressed to M. Constantinou or to M. Pasaskevaides, of Athens. I demurred as to opening it. "Oh yes, it is for you, but we addressed it in that way in case anyone should see it before it reached you." It contained a copy of poems, composed in the villages and sung on the mountains, dirges over the flower of the village who now sleep peacefully on the hillside where they fell, national songs with a rhythm and pathos that rang true, in spite of their simple, even prosaic words.

Once, as I entered a village about nightfall the boys and then the men met me, singing a patriotic song, which I could only hope my impervious Turkish escort understood less than I did. "All we want is liberty; we want nothing else. The women are weeping at home, but we cannot weep like women. How can I stay in the village when my brother, whom I love,

has gone to the mountains? Forward, forward, liberty and Macedonia!"

"Is there anything you would like me to say for you when I go back to England?" I asked more than once. "Tell the company in London," as they usually called the relief committee, "that we give them boundless thanks for all they have done for us—as many houses as there are in our village, so many grateful hearts are there—and tell them, too, that we look at England to help us gain our freedom." Again and again did one hear the combination, pathetic when one realized how little it could mean, "Long live England and Macedonia!"

Looking southward across the Lake of Kastoria, my Greek companion told me that four days' ride over level country would bring one to the frontier of Greece. "There are one or two

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

Turkish towns," he said, "but all the villages you would pass are Greek. The people there do not even understand Bulgarian," he added triumphantly. "When we Greeks rise for our liberty here," a dignitary of the Greek Church said to me, "we shall count on England to help us. She is our natural friend." "If the English came here our country would be rich and happy," said a Turk of high character and position.

England may officially repudiate a special share in the Treaty of San Stefano, she may delegate her responsibilities to the kindly guardianship of the Powers, she may salve her conscience with relief funds, but the Macedonian Christian will not cease to think that England stands for liberty, and to count on her help in his hour of need.

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## RUSKIN AS AN ART-CRITIC.

It has been said that we should say nothing but what is good of the dead. This is one of those injunctions which we cannot always carry out to the letter, for there are some that have left us whom it is expedient neither to praise nor to forget. But there is a time when by a sort of general consent the rule is observed with especial strictness, and that is when a man has just died. For there is something in the nearness of death which shuts our eyes to a man's faults, and opens them to his virtues. And it is an incident of this that we look coldly upon those who have disparaged him; and thus in our observance of the rule in a particular case we sometimes forget its general application.

Ruskin, as an authority upon art, has perhaps never stood lower in the

general esteem than at the present moment. The reason of this is that the artist of whose work he was the most distinguished and the most persistent adverse critic has lately died. People point with a scornful finger at the man who, though he was never tired of praising Turner, the father of impressionism, could call Whistler, the great impressionist, a coxcomb; and one writer, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, has even gone so far as to say, in effect, that loud praise from Ruskin was like faint praise from other men, and only a Turner could have survived it.

It is probably by this time pretty generally recognized that the debt that we owe to Ruskin is not primarily for what he did and said about art. It was as a moralist and a philosopher

that he was really great. Of course when a man of high intellectual powers devotes a large portion of his life to the study of a subject, it is inevitable that his labors must possess a certain value. We may even go further than that, and say that when a man of high intellectual powers chooses to write upon a subject, what he writes must possess a certain value; but it is quite possible that the kernel of the nut may be found in his digressions, or in light incidentally thrown upon other matters. Ruskin's writings upon art possess very great value; but their value is not for what they tell us about art, but for what they tell us about Ruskin. Every page of *Modern Painters* is worth reading, not because its author was a great art-critic, but because he was a great philosopher and moralist. No time is wasted which is spent in the company of the wise and good.

This was not, of course, at all Ruskin's own view of the matter. He looked upon the study and elucidation of art, if not indeed upon its practice, as his vocation. The time that he spent upon his philosophical writings he regarded as stolen by the force of circumstances from his proper pursuits, to the world's ultimate loss as well as his own. Had he not been filled with indignation against all the evils of the time in which he lived, we might never have had any of these writings. His feelings in approaching these subjects were those of a civilian who is suddenly called upon to take up arms in defence of his country, but who believes that he can serve her much better in the peaceful following of his daily calling.

It is the first mild day of March [he says in one of the letters to Thomas Dixon], and by rights I ought to be out among the budding banks and hedges, outlining sprays of hawthorn and clusters of primroses. That is *my* right work; and it is not, in the inner gist of

it, right nor good, for you or for anybody else, that Cruikshank with his great gift, and I with my weak, but yet thoroughly clear and definite one, should both of us be tormented by agony of indignation and compassion till we are forced to give up our peace and pleasure and power, and rush down into the streets and lanes of the city and do the little that is in the strength of our single hands against their uncleanness and iniquity . . . For my own part I mean these very letters to close my political work for many a day; and I write them not in any hope of their being at present listened to, but to disburthen my heart of the witness I have to bear, that I may be free to go back to my garden lawns, and paint birds and flowers there.

Now Ruskin himself was an upholder of the verdict of posterity upon a man's work, and the verdict of posterity upon him is that he was one of the greatest moralists that we have ever had, and absolutely insignificant as an artist. The mind which Mazzini called the most analytical in Europe entirely mistook its own vocation. But it is by no means always a bad thing for a man to mistake his vocation provided he does in fact do a good deal of the work for which his gifts really fit him. The best work is done almost unconsciously. As Ruskin himself said, "the most beautiful actions of the human body and the highest results of the human intelligence are conditions or achievements of quite unlaborious—nay, of recreative effort." A man may easily labor over much at what he conceives to be his proper occupation. He may work at it until he has lost all individuality and all inspiration; and at the same time he may bring to something else, in which he feels strongly but thinks he is not especially concerned, the freshness and fire of genius. Art is to conceal art, especially from ourselves. The thing that a man is really fitted to do is the thing that he is impelled to do, not the thing that

he has carefully and conscientiously studied how to do. That was the case with Ruskin. That impulse to rush down into the streets and lanes of the city was the true calling in his case. And it was all the better that he did not know it. His conscientious outlining of leaves and twigs prevented him from doing great work as an artist, but it probably conduced in no small degree to his doing great work as a philosopher. A simple manual occupation is, with quiet minds, helpful to calm and discerning thought.

All this is very well illustrated in Ruskin's criticism of art. His criticism of art was not only the criticism which you would have expected from a man who was a philosopher and not a painter, it was also the criticism which you would have expected from a man who believed himself to be a painter rather than a philosopher. There is one thing that Ruskin did with respect to art for which we owe him everlasting gratitude; he constantly asserted the importance of the connection of art with ethics. He recognized and emphasized the fact that the function which a work of art has to perform in relation to human beings is that they should be the better men for looking at it. That he was able to do this followed naturally from his clear insight into the fundamental laws of human nature. Ruskin recognized the profound truth of the not very paradoxical statement that a thing is of no use to a man unless it benefits him. He recognized, for instance, that a poor man who is healthy and happy is more enviable than a rich man who is neither. That was the foundation of his attacks upon the political economists. He saw and stated that the important thing is not to understand the laws of human life as they affect our pockets, but to understand them as they affect ourselves. He saw that a man may get more benefit from a thing

that costs twopence than from another thing that costs a thousand pounds. And he accordingly asserted that price is not the real test of value. The effect of *Munera Pulveris* and *Unto this Last* was not to show that political economy was wrong; it was to show that it was an affair of comparatively small importance. Because in these books Ruskin took account of human feeling, which is just as necessary and just as common a thing as the human body or human reason, he has been persistently derided as a sentimentalist. That is illogical. You might as well call a man an acrobat because he had written a treatise on anatomy. Some day, however, it will be realized that he was treating, quite dispassionately, the most important of the sciences.

The fact that appeared to Ruskin to give the key to human conduct was that nothing is really of value to a man unless it bring health to his body or exercise and development to his mind and feelings. There may be physical experience which is agreeable but does not tend to increase health; it is of no use to the body. There may be mental occupations which are agreeable, but do not tend to increase mental power; they are of no use to the mind. There may be experiences of feeling which are agreeable and yet do not tend to increase morality; they are of no use to the feelings. And what is of no use to the body, the mind, or the feelings is of no value to man. The agreeableness of these experiences is illusory, and would never be felt but for disordered and perverted instinct. That, we take it, was the gospel of Ruskin, as it was the gospel of the founder of Christianity. It is the most solid science you can have.

Being then a great philosopher Ruskin had of course a very great qualification for understanding the significance of painting. Philosophy, in the sense of an accurate understanding of

the principles which should guide human conduct, may almost be said to embrace all the other sciences. It teaches us the true significance of mathematics, chemistry, physics, and the rest. That is a philosophy in which a child may be more proficient than the most learned professor. Ruskin had a great deal of this philosophy, and it is therefore not surprising that he was able to say something of great importance about art. Had he lived in an ideal world he would have been able to say things of greater importance still; but because he did not live in an ideal world his very greatness as a philosopher was in some respects an obstacle to him. Such was the power over Ruskin of his own genius for the understanding of the problem of human conduct, and so intense was his desire to impart an understanding of it to others, that he was led to look upon the bettering of the lives of men as a supreme object to which all human effort of every kind ought to be directed. The result was that he regarded the study of art almost as a branch of the study of morals; nay more,—he regarded it as a means to the inculcating of moral principles. The closing words of the introduction to *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* are a remarkable illustration of this.

I have ventured, at the risk of giving to some passages the appearance of irreverence, to take the higher line of argument wherever it appeared clearly traceable; and this, I would ask the reader especially to observe, not merely because I think it is the best mode of reaching ultimate truth; still less because I think the subject of more importance than many others; but because every subject should surely, at a period like the present, be taken up in this spirit, or not at all. The aspect of the years that approach us is as solemn as it is full of mystery; and the weight of evil against which we have to contend is increasing like the letting out of water. It is no time for

the idleness of metaphysics, or the entertainment of the arts. The blasphemies of the earth are sounding louder and its miseries heaped heavier every day; and if, in the midst of the exertion which every good man is called upon to put forth for their repression or relief, it is lawful to ask for a thought for a moment, for a lifting of the finger, in any direction but that of the immediate and overwhelming need, it is at least incumbent upon us to approach the questions on which we would engage him in the spirit which has become the habit of his mind, and in the hope that neither his zeal nor his usefulness may be checked by the withdrawal of an hour, which has shown him how even those things which seemed mechanical, indifferent, or contemptible depend for their perfection upon the acknowledgment of the principles of faith, truth and obedience, for which it has become the occupation of his life to contend.

It is scarcely too much to say that this amounts to a confession of prejudice. It is one thing to investigate art by the light of a profound understanding of human nature, and find that its significance for men is that it tends to make them moral; it is another thing to start with the intention of making men moral, and then enter upon an investigation of art with the determination that it shall conduce to that end. Ruskin's desire to make art a means to morals was so intense that it spoiled the simplicity and accuracy of his insight into its ethical power. He did not approach the subject with a single and impartial mind. He set to work to collect and enumerate all the methods by which a picture could make an ethical suggestion. He applied himself to the detection of possibilities of moral influence with the ingenuity and the concentration of a Sherlock Holmes. The result was that he lost his sense of the supremacy of the main aim of art, and magnified the importance of minor incidents



which form little part of its real concern.

But Ruskin's desire to reform men's lives was not the only cause of his looking upon art as the handmaid of morals. There can be no doubt that the tendency was in great measure fostered by his own practice of painting. The great moralist found in painting a channel for the exercise of patience and reverence. When he was painting he felt that he was expressing his individuality, but he did not realize that he was expressing the individuality of a moralist, not of a painter. Ruskin altogether exaggerated the connection between merit in a painting and virtue in the artist. He seems almost to have thought that you have only to stand up to an easel in a spirit of patience, reverence, and humility in order to produce a great picture. The truth of course is that the virtue must be in the subject, not in the artist. What is required of the artist is, not that he have in himself virtue, but that he be able to see it. Let us suppose that a child is sitting engaged in some mechanical occupation,—sorting bristles we will say; and let us suppose that she is shedding over the dull task all the glory of a divine humility and patience. A painter comes in, sees her beauty, and paints her. It is he that produces the work of art, not the child. He worships and she worships also; but he alone is engaged in representing what he worships. What Ruskin really worshipped when he was outlining a tree was not the tree but the virtue of patience. It is not enough that a painter should worship; he must worship what he paints. It is conceivable that under the influence of the worship of patience a man might paint a picture having no resemblance to anything we have ever seen, but which to him mysteriously represented patience. It may be that Ruskin would

have done this, and carried the power of art into new worlds altogether, if he had only been a painter by vocation.

There is a certain peculiarity of man that is often forgotten nowadays; namely, that he receives emotional and ethical impressions not only through his intellect but also through all his senses. Certain sights and sounds are pleasing and enlivening to our feelings; we do not know why; it is not necessary or possible that we should know why. The peculiar power of painting is this,—that it is able to appeal directly from the eye to the emotions. Just as there are certain scenes, so there are certain pictures which are capable of exercising and elevating our feelings, and of doing so without the intervention of the intellect. The real mission of the graphic arts is this peculiar mission, this mission which is not shared by literature or music, to appeal straight from the eye to the emotions. It is with an art as with a man; the thing that it really has to do is the thing that it alone can do.

Ruskin was so anxious to make art a means to morals that he lost sight of the importance of this. He did not indeed fail to see that beauty has nothing to do with the intellect.

Why we receive pleasure [he writes] from some forms and colors and not from others, is no more to be asked or answered, than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood. The utmost subtlety of investigation will only lead us to ultimate instincts and principles of human nature, for which no further reason can be given than the simple will of the Deity that we should be so created . . . . If a person receiving even the noblest ideas of simple beauty be asked why he likes the object exciting them, he will not be able to give any distinct reason, nor to trace in his mind any formed thought to which he can appeal as a source of pleasure.

Ruskin did not fail to see that beauty has nothing to do with the intellect, but he did not assign its proper importance to beauty, which occupied far too small a place in his scheme of the functions of art. Nor was this surprising. It was not likely that a man who was investigating art with a view to the inculcation of cherished principles would assign overwhelming importance to that particular element about which, of its very nature, there is nothing to be said. That is what has always stood in the way of the proper recognition of the direct influence of art upon the feelings. The peculiarity of a purely emotional impression is that it altogether eludes language. Thought can be expressed in language and naturally formulates itself in language; feeling cannot be expressed in language at all. That is why the intellectual element, if there be one, in any piece of work, is such a god-send to critics; and that is why the intellect is so often dragged in to meddle with business in which it has no concern.

To appeal to the intellect was, in Ruskin's view, a far more important part of the aim of art than beauty. "Those ideas are the noblest subjects of art," he tells us, "which are the subjects of distinct intellectual perception and action, and which are therefore worthy of the name of thoughts." He attached great importance to accurate resemblance of Nature, the evidence of power and even of labor in the artist, and the representation of facts from which the mind can read a pathetic or enlivening story.

Take [he says, in his chapter on *Greatness in Art*] one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen: the "Old Shepherd's Chief-mourner." Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear paint-

ing of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid, close and motionless, upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion, no change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life, how unwatched the departure, of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep; these are all thoughts—thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the mere imitator of the texture of a skin or the fold of a drapery, but as the Man of Mind.

Again, we are asked to admire similar qualities in *Turner's Building of Carthage*.

The principal object in the foreground is a group of children sailing toy boats. The exquisite choice of this incident, as expressive of the ruling passion which was to be the source of future greatness, in preference to the tumult of busy stone-masons, or arming soldiers, is quite as appreciable when it is told as when it is seen, it has nothing to do with the technicalities of painting; a scratch of the pen would have conveyed the idea and spoken to the intellect as much as the elaborate realizations of color. Such a thought as this is something far above all art; it is epic poetry of the highest order.

It was of course inevitable that a man who attached great value to such matters as these should come into conflict with painters of the modern impressionist school. It is well known to be difficult to define with precision

the characteristics of impressionism; but there are one or two principles which form acknowledged articles in the impressionist creed, and some of these are that it is not the function of a picture to tell a story, that it is not the duty of the artist to copy Nature, and that details and minor gradations should often be sacrificed to the general effect, or for the sake of the more vivid expression of what is important. But perhaps the cardinal doctrine of the school is the distinction between truth of aspect and truth of fact. The impressionist tells us that the artist should paint what he sees, not what he knows to be there. What Ruskin thought upon the matter may be illustrated by a quotation from the *Elements of Drawing*. "It may perfectly well happen that in Nature the arrangement of boughs should be less distinct than your outline will make it, but it is better in this kind of sketch to mark the facts clearly. The temptation is always to be slovenly and careless; and the outline is like a bridle, and forces our indolence into attention and precision." The moral motive is clear enough here; one is almost reminded of Mrs. Turner's Cautionary Stories.

It is a curious thing that nearly all those writers upon art who most

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strongly praise impressionism, and therefore decry Ruskin, agree with him on one point; and that is the very point where they might most reasonably have assailed him. They connect an ethical aim in art with an appeal to the intellect. Ruskin and his opponents were at one in this fundamental error; and differed only in their deductions from it. He, enamoured of the ethical aim, laid too much stress upon appeals to the intellect; they, seeing the triviality of appeals to the intellect, refused to acknowledge the ethical aim. If Ruskin could have been persuaded that beauty pure and simple is what above all influences ethics, he might have seen the merit of impressionism. If the upholders of impressionism could have been persuaded that ethics demand beauty and not fact, they might have been reconciled to ethics. But they have always been imbued with the notion that a picture with a moral effect must be a picture of angels and saints and haloes. The best advice we can give to these people is to read the philosophy of Ruskin. And when they have read it they will find, not that they must accept his views on art, but that they will understand with new clearness, what are the real grounds of their own.

Lionel W. Clarke.

## LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### BLADE CROSSES BLADE.

After Master Robert Billsborough had departed, the stranger turned to me with a smile.

"Now, my lad, had you not better go home to your bed? Unless you prefer

to jig it with the others yonder until it is time to set forth."

"Nay, Sir," I answered, "if you will allow me to stay here I should like it best. I might not be able to get away again. Besides I have no heart for merry-making, and I doubt I could not sleep."

"And why," said he, looking at me kindly, "why have you no heart for merry-making, my boy?"

I stood still, gazing at him earnestly, but finding no words.

"Well," cried he, half-impatiently, "what is the matter? What troubles you?"

My heart was over-full, and it was a moment or two before I could steady my voice sufficiently to reply without betraying unmanly weakness:—

"Oh, Sir," I cried brokenly at last, "oh, Sir! I would I knew whether you meant well by Dorothy Ullathorne!"

"Do I mean well by her?" exclaimed he. "God help me! I mean so well by her that I would die for her."

The passion of his tone infected me.

"Aye, and so would we all!" cried I, and the tears burst from my eyes.

He had been pacing about the room, and now turned to look at me with such evident pity and amazement that I hung my head for shame.

"You?" he ejaculated. You! Poor boy!"

I minded Mrs. Ullathorne turning upon me once with almost the same words, when I had sought to make amends for having as I thought wounded her.

"You!" she had cried then with scorn. "You! Poor foolish lad!"

This gentleman had spoken without contempt, yet I found the surprise and compassion of his tone even more mortifying. In a moment there seemed to be a gulf between me and Mrs. Dorothy, and I was filled with astonishment at my temerity. Only that morning I had thought to have as good a claim upon her as any other man—that very night I had permitted myself to harbor jealousy of this friend of hers; but all in a flash I felt myself as far removed from them both as from the Queen on her throne.

"Forgive me, Sir," I stammered, flushing so that I thought my cheeks

would never get cool again. "I—sure 'twas no harm to love her. Who could help it indeed? And when she came amongst us, and went about her work like one of ourselves——"

"S'dearth!" cried he, striking the table with his clenched hand. "Could you not see what she was, lad? A plague upon this freak that subjects her to such mistakes!"

His anger breaking forth so suddenly after his former kindness cut me to the quick.

"Indeed, Sir," I faltered, "you need say no more. I see what a fool I've been and have now no hope."

With that his wrath vanished again as quickly as it had come, and he clapped me on the shoulder and looked at me with kind, merry eyes, and when he spoke it was neither to rebuke nor yet to banter me.

"Nay, Luke," said he, "she is not for thee, nor for such as thee. But thou mayest continue to love her all the same, as a good friend and servant. Aye, there may be a time when she may need thy service. I am forced to leave her and I am glad to think that she has so honest and trusty a friend at hand on whom she may rely."

And thereupon he shook me by the hand, and a great lump rose in my throat. I suppose I was still a lad at heart, for all my twenty years, and though we North-country folk are hard-headed and rough-spoken, we are mighty soft at the core.

Now the strange thing was that, though this Gentleman had humbled me more than any man I had ever met, and though he had shattered my hopes, and, as I told myself, broken my heart, there was something about him so winning that I would joyfully have followed him to the end of the world. When he looked at me with those genial, yet, withal, masterful eyes I could have fallen at his feet. There is no deed, I verily believe, however dan-

gerous or difficult, I would not have sought to accomplish at the bidding of that gently imperious voice.

"I will be your friend and servant too, Sir," said I. "I will be your faithful servant in all things if you will consent to be my Master."

He seemed to feel his power over me for he smiled as though my admiration pleased him.

"Though I have been cruel, Luke," said he, "I see you do not hate me. Well, I am glad of it—I would not willingly lose so honest a friend. I am going to prove my trust in you. While you take a nap, my good boy, so as to be fresh for to-morrow's work, I will write a letter which you must give to Mrs. Ullathorne if I am killed."

"Nay, do not say such a thing, Sir," cried I. But he went on, still smiling.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I should prefer that Sir Jocelyn should fall, and it is my purpose at least to disable him that he may be kept out of harm's way for some time. However, whether I fall or whether I ride away, do me the favor to give this letter to Mrs. Ullathorne; and if I be dead you may also, if you please, remove this ring from my finger and carry it to her. But make quite sure first that I am indeed a corpse, for I have sworn to wear it till I die. Now to bed, Luke, while I accomplish my business."

He signed towards a kind of cupboard-bed in the corner of the room—such a bed as is common in country places, built partly into the wall and furnished with check curtains.

I hesitated, however, not liking to take possession of the only sleeping accommodation in the place.

"Come, lie down," said he, reading my thoughts, "I shall not sleep to-night."

Removing my coat and boots I threw myself upon the bed, but instead of sleeping, furtively watched my Master

—for thus I called him in my own mind—as he sat at the table.

He had produced writing materials from his valise and was busy scribbling. As the rays of the two mould candles fell upon his fine pale face I noted that its expression changed many times. Now it was pensive, now severe; anon tender, and once I saw him smile. He tore up several sheets, but at length applied himself steadily to his task, and while watching him I was surprised by sleep.

When I awoke some hours later my Master was shaving very deliberately by the light of the candles, which had now burnt low; having finished this proceeding he next combed out his hair, and I marvelled at its gloss and its profusion. It was so fine that when he again bound it with its ribbon its compass was much smaller than anyone could have believed possible who had seen it shaken loose. Having resumed his coat, and adjusted his ruffles to a nicety, he approached my bed.

"What! thou art awake," he cried. "That is well. Get up quickly, lad, for we must be stepping."

"Shall I saddle the horse, Sir?" asked I.

"Yes, if you please. I have already fed him. You may carry down the valise if you will, and I will follow you in a moment."

I saw that two or three letters lay upon the table; these he now proceeded to enclose in a single wrapper; as I left the room he was sealing this with the ring which he took from his finger.

He joined me in the stable before I had concluded my work, and himself helped me to accomplish it. As we were about to leave the place he handed to me the packet of letters, which he drew from his breast pocket.

"Give this to her," he said, "after my departure—whether for the next world or for some other portion of this one."



"I am to give it to Mrs. Ullathorne in any case?" I queried.

"Yes, in any case."

I placed the packet in my bosom and we set forth.

The day had but just begun to break, and the road gleamed dimly between the dark hedges. I had never felt so guilty since that terrible morning when I had fled from Lychgate Churchyard; it seemed to be my fate to help those I best loved to accomplish deeds of which I disapproved. My heart thumped so loudly now as almost to drown for me the beat of the horse's hoofs on the road, and my legs shook under me. I cast about me many scared looks, expecting the folks to rush out upon us, and I was glad when we had left the little cluster of houses behind us and forsook the road itself for a bridle-path across the fields.

My Master was very composed, but silent, and I trudged by his side with my eyes for the most part cast upon the ground, until I perceived all at once that the grass over which we passed, that at first had seemed gray, began to show a faint and delicate green, and then, looking about me, I noticed that the leaves and twigs of the hedge were edged with silver, and then that the sky above me was already a milky blue. Then great arrows of light shot up from behind the distant woods, and immediately the sky became all dappled with pink and golden clouds, and the trees seemed to be on fire, and glancing in my companion's face I saw it ruddy and his hair glowing.

"Perchance the last sunrise I shall ever see," said he. And then, half to himself, "My Dorothy, wilt thou weep before sunset comes?"

As we drew near the wood I saw three dark figures emerge from its shadow into the sunny plain; and soon noted the twinkling of Sir Jocelyn's gold-laced coat.

"We are late," cried my Companion,

and pressed on, so that I had to run at my topmost speed to keep pace with the horse.

My Master dismounted, and while I tied up his horse to a sapling, saluted the Gentlemen with distant courtesy; and I noticed what a contrast there was between him and Sir Jocelyn. The latter had not slept, it was evident, nor made any attempt to compose his attire; his strong dark beard showed plain on his flushed face, his ruffles were crushed and torn, and his wig disordered.

"Let me introduce," said Sir Jocelyn thickly, "my friend, Doctor Francis Bradley, who hopes to find a patient in one of us. Now, Fanny, never look so glum—though thou wouldst fain do a little of the carving, like a good surgeon that thou art, be not envious, man—who knows. There may yet be some blood-letting left for thee to do."

To my sorrow I saw that the hours which had intervened since we parted had not served to sober Sir Jocelyn; though not absolutely intoxicated he was by no means himself, and would therefore, I fancied, be less than a match for his adversary. I loved them both, but my new Master best, and 'twas more on his account than Sir Jocelyn's that I grieved they should not be equally pitted, for I was ever a lover of fair play, and it hurt me that one should have the advantage over the other. Yet no sooner did the combat begin than I realized that I need have had no such qualms; Sir Jocelyn knew what he was about and wielded his blade, as I could not but see, in a masterly fashion.

I had seen men fight before with cudgels and with fists, and once I had gone with my Father to Bolton Wake, where a pair of rough fellows had an "Up and Down" battle, purring or kicking each other with their great clogs, and throttling too, so that I made sure murder would be done; but never had

I seen anything in the least like this duel.

Had I not known that my Master was in deadly earnest, had I not taken note of his fierce eye and compressed lip, I might have thought the two Gentlemen stood up to each other in play. The whole scene was unreal; the early hour, when the world seemed for the most part asleep; the glade peaceful; the birds twittering lazily in the trees above us; the air, pure and sharp with a smell of dewy growing things in it, and here on the mossy sward these two handsome, courtly Gentlemen crossing their blades with so pretty and seemingly careless a grace.

Each had stripped off coat and waistcoat, and under the thin cambric of his shirt the moulding of the form was plain to be seen. Sir Jocelyn, who was the senior by ten or twelve years, was far more powerfully made than his adversary, though the latter, for all his slenderness, had muscles strong as steel, and a lightning-like quickness of motion. As I watched his compact, alert figure, his eager face, his burning eye, I bethought me of a greyhound straining at his leash.

Had it not been for my fears I should have enjoyed the spectacle, for I vow it was a pretty sight, and to me, who was ever of a sporting turn, the novelty of it might have been delightful. The poise of their forms, the varying attitudes—like play-acting it seemed to me—the quick leaping on this side and on that, the swift lunge, the skilful parry. Now I thought Sir Jocelyn must run his adversary through, but the other was ready for him and the blades slid innocently against each other.

All at once my Master made a sudden dart forward and I saw the blood gush over Sir Jocelyn's shirt.

"He's hit," I shouted, "Sir Jocelyn's hit! For God's sake stop, Gentlemen!"

But they went on as if without heeding me, my Master pressing Sir Jocelyn very close.

"Master Billsborough," I cried wildly, "make them give over before 'tis too late. See how Sir Jocelyn is bleeding!"

But he made me no answer, and glancing at him I saw a horrible look in his face, half-triumph, half-greedy curiosity, as if he would have taken pleasure in his patron's downfall.

"Doctor Bradley, Sir," I gasped, "surely 'tis time to interfere?"

But the doctor, whether because of his natural phlegm, or because he deemed it contrary to professional etiquette to spoil the making of so promising a patient, stood by calmly enough, tapping the lid of his snuff-box.

The sight of the blood had brought home to me the nature of the sport I had been watching; and I was so maddened by Master Robert's want of feeling and the Doctor's coolness that I could stand by in patience no longer.

At imminent risk to myself, and possibly also to them, I now rushed between the combatants, knocking up their blades with my Master's riding-cane, which I had been holding.

"For Heaven's sake stop, Gentlemen!" I pleaded, almost with a sob; "do not let us have murder here!"

"Out of my way, sirrah!" exclaimed my Master, his eyes flickering with wrath, the pupils contracted to points no bigger than a pin's head; if looks could stab I had fallen at his feet, and indeed as he spoke he gave a threatening turn of his hand which held his uplifted blade as though he would have pierced me with more than looks.

"Zounds!" cried Sir Jocelyn; "this comes of your choice of a second, Sir—did I not tell you that—that—"

He broke off, dropping his sword-arm, down which the blood was trickling, and staggering.

Doctor Bradley stepped forward and caught him in his arms.

"If I may be permitted to offer an opinion," he remarked solemnly, "I should say that Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand is wounded."

"Hang me, Sir, it scarce requires a wiseacre to discover that," retorted my Master. "The question is, is he wounded too seriously to admit of his continuing to fight me?"

"Oh, I'll fight you quick enough—I'll go on in a minute," said Sir Jocelyn, "but d—n me, Sir! I can't see why you are not satisfied. You've pinked me already, and—"

"Sir," I whispered in my Master's ear, "oh, Sir, do not take a mean advantage. How could Sir Jocelyn stand up with you now on equal terms? Sure 'twould not be honest or fair."

He gazed at me a moment fixedly, and then, his passion leaving him with the suddenness which I had before noted, sheathed his blade and advancing to Sir Jocelyn, who was standing propped against a tree, declared in a formal tone that he was now satisfied.

Sir Jocelyn half extended his hand, but the other bowed stiffly, and was turning away when the Baronet called him back.

"Gad, Sir! you seem to hate me more than ever there be cause for—I vow I have no hatred of you. On the contrary, I could love you for being such a pretty swordsman. 'Twas a fair quarrel, fairly fought—I bear you no grudge, though the wound you have given me if not dangerous, is mighty inconvenient. Yet you will not shake hands—Doctor Fanny, I am not like to bleed to death during the next five minutes, am I?"

With great seriousness the doctor, after opening the patient's shirt and examining the wound, pronounced that such a contingency was unlikely.

"Pshaw! a mere flesh wound," said Sir Jocelyn. "Kindly get out of ear shot for that space of time then, my good friend. Cousin Robert, do me the favor to walk as far as yonder tree and remain there till I summon you. Luke, get this gentleman's horse unfastened ready for him to mount after we have had speech together."

As I went to do his bidding I could not forbear catching the words with which he opened his discourse:—

"Pray, Sir, why were you so eager to take my life? I vow I never crossed swords with one so bloodthirsty."

I unfastened Star, tightened his girth and saw to the rest of his gear, and then hearing a whistle I ventured to look round. My Master was helping Sir Jocelyn to seat himself on the ground, and after this had been accomplished he stretched forth his hand. Sir Jocelyn grasped it with alacrity; and then the other straightened himself and walked towards me.

"Shall I ever see you again, Sir?" I asked, as I held his stirrup.

"Oh, I will come back," he returned drearily, "but who knows what success I may hope for? Deliver the letter, good Luke, and be Mrs. Dorothy's friend and faithful servant. I thank you for your good offices to-day, and most for the honest words which saved my honor. I had not been so savage had I known Sir Jocelyn better; but who would not be aflame if he thought danger and discredit threatened what he most loved? Farewell, good Luke—be my friend still, while I'm away."

He gave me his hand and I wrung it without speaking, following his retreating form with eyes all blurred with grief. I cannot tell how I came to love the man so well in such a short space, but I vow I was more sorrowful for his departure than for the ruin of my castle in the air.

## THE HARVEST OF THE HEDGEROWS.

## A LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

Every lover of the open air, who follows Nature through sunshine and rain, has found some spot which is dearer to him and carries a deeper meaning than any other place on earth. From the earliest green of the swelling bud to the last parched winter leaf, that clings to sheltered oak or beech until the memory of a year ago is swept away by the gales of March, the colors seem brighter there than elsewhere, and the little confidences with which Nature rewards his constancy become more tender and intimate.

It may be an open moorland, robed in summer in its mantle of imperial purple and gay only in the unprofitable riches of golden-spangled furze; or a treeless down, sprinkled with delicate blue harebells, that darkens under no sorrow heavier than the passing shadow of a wind-driven cloud; or even a melancholy fen, where the gray heron stands motionless for hours by the brink of a muddy ditch, and cold blue sedges lean trembling before the storm. But whether it be mountain, woodland, or broad plain, if he have not caught the spirit of his bit of countryside he has missed one of the finer joys of life. Though he may have travelled the whole world over, and viewed the wonders of another hemisphere, he is like one who, after a thousand gay romances, has found no abiding love, or amidst a teeming humanity has made no enduring friendship.

The spot I love the most is within easy walking distance from my home, and thither my errandless footsteps always wander by some indescribable attraction.

A narrow byway cuts through a sandy hollow, and then warily

descends aslant the steep hillside. Again it rises over a gentle knap, a sort of outwork of the range, and from this lower summit a broad valley lies full in view.

The land below is rich in green pastures, sparingly intermixed with square arable fields, in which, after a yellow stubble, the furrows turn up a light brown behind the plough. Everywhere there is a soil so deep that no out-cropping rock can shame us with the nakedness of its poverty by wearing holes in its imperishable garment of verdure decked with flowers. The fields are small; therefore it is a country of hedgerows, with stately elms and here and there an oak standing along the banks and casting mysterious shade upon the dark water that often lies in the ditches below. Yet many of the fields have once been smaller still; and then a gentle ridge and hollow, covered with grass of a deeper green, and a row of tall, spreading trees show where a hedge and ditch have at some time been.

A spirit of tranquil plenty and contentment lightly rests upon the whole valley, filling every nook and corner, like sunshine of a cloudless summer noon.

At early morning, and again of an afternoon, a dairyman comes down to the pasture and throws open the gate. You can hear his voice calling to the herd, and perhaps the barking of his dog. The patient red and white milch-cows deliberately obey, and slowly pass out of sight. Yet now and again there is a glimpse of bright color as they wind along the lane. Sometimes a wagon, laden with shining tins and laughing folk, rattles to the meadow instead; and then the cattle gather in

a shady corner and are milked in the field. All the rest of the day, whether they stand on the bright after-grass that comes after the hay or lie in a sea of glistening buttercups, they are left to ruminate in peace. Starlings congregate around them. Wagtails run quite close to catch the flies. Through all the summer months nesting wood-pigeons, out of sight amidst foliaged-curtained branches or from the dark ivy, that has run up from the hedge and overgrown so many a stalwart trunk, make known their satisfaction with the unceasing monotony of their one never-changing phrase.

There are places a thousand times more lonely and less populated than this quiet vale.

Every mile or so, a square church-tower and a cluster of thatched gables rise above or peep between the elms, and a film of gray smoke tells a tale of hearths unseen. Yet a few steps from the highroad, not even the solitary woodland can offer a more beautiful seclusion. This is the greatest charm of this country of old hedgerows.

They are beautiful, these hedgerows. Oftentimes neglected and left uncut for years, they grow into a wild profusion. Though they keep out the sun, at least they offer shelter from the winter wind. Blackthorn and wrinkled maple, hawthorn and hazel, straight sapling of gray ash, and frequent suckers from the long roots of the elm trees, all push each other and intermingle their leaves of various shapes and colors. The honeysuckles, hoping to flower unpicked, climb high out of reach. The briars hang down and offer their sweet pink flowers. Brambles thrust themselves and straggle everywhere. Here is a mass of clematis; and there white bryony, in close company with the broad, glossy, heart-shaped leaves of the black, meets in a tangle with the little purple, yellow-

eyed flowers of the woody nightshade. From the snowy blossom of the black-thorn upon a leafless hedge, through all the fragrant summer to the frost, when fieldfares come in a flock to clear away the blood-red haws in a day, the hedgerow is a glory and delight.

At last, in winter, or at least when the sap is low, a new figure is seen in the landscape.

The hedger comes in his gloves and long leathern gaiters. He clears away the useless stuff—"trumpery," he calls it—chooses with care the likeliest growing wood for "plashers," with here and there a straight sapling to grow into a tree, stands high upon the bank, and chops down all the rest. With a deft blow of his hook he cuts the "plasher" almost through, so that it seems wonderful that it can live. He lays it, and pegs it down; builds up the bank with sods, and fills the new-made ditch with thorns, lest cattle should come and trample upon his work. So the old hedge is turned to account. Nothing is wasted. There is wood to burn, and fagots for the baker's oven. The younger hazel goes for sticks for next year's peas; the straight ash poles to fence sweet-smelling ricks. Even the "trumpery" will serve as staddle to make a dry foundation for some future mow.

This, no doubt, is the true harvest of the hedgerow; but it is not the harvest which gave a title to this sketch.

It was autumn, and all the corn was hauled. Upon many of the squares of golden stubble droves of pigs were running to pick up the ears missed by the rake, and the ripe grains that had fallen when the sheaves were pitched. On others the plough was already at work. The ploughman shouted to his team as he turned under the hedgerow to come back upon the other side. The rooks, that are so wary of the harm-



less rambler like myself, rose as he drew near, circled within easy gunshot above his head, spread their black wings, and lightly dropped upon the fresh-turned furrow behind his back. From beyond the hedge came the sound of the woodman's axe, for the September gales, where the ditch lay to windward, had here and there torn up an ancient elm by the roots, and he was lopping off the branches in readiness for the timber wagon to haul away the trunk.

I was in the valley walking down a broad green lane. On either hand were signs of the declining year. Where the wild roses grew the briars were decked with crimson hips; and, although a solitary flower might still be seen, the honeysuckles had changed to clusters of reddening berries. The hazel leaves were yellow, and the maple bush was turning to old gold. A few sparse leaves and a sprinkling of apples brighter than guineas still hung upon the crab. Surprised by the quietness of my approach, a startled blackbird rushed out of the ditch. A little later my eye caught sight of a wren, creeping like a mouse and hiding out of sight behind the old level plashing upon the bank; and all the while I had the company of a flock of linnets, that waited till I came, flew out of the hedge with a whirring of wings, alighted only a few paces in front, all on one bush, and waited again.

Far away down the lane something moved.

For a moment it was impossible to be certain, and yet surely a living thing had stirred in the distant shadow of the hedgerow.

Then, just beyond a clump of dark gorse, I could distinguish the stooping figure of an old woman. Her clothes also were old and had taken on autumnal hues. Faded with the summer sun and weather-stained by rain, her skirt and shawl, whatever their

original colors, were in keeping with the landscape, and mellow and unobtrusive as the russet-gray on the back and wings of a song-thrush. Sometimes she crept down into the ditch; then came out into the lane and stooped to take something from the ground, which for the time being she put into her apron. At last she stood up and shook one of the guinea-laden branches. She was gathering crab-apples.

What could she want with them?

The uses of the crab, forgotten long ago in the village, are known only to the lover of old customs. Verjuice is but a name, pomatum almost an unread line in the dictionary. Could this old crone, whose face was brown and wrinkled like the shell of a walnut, season the dryness of a parish loaf and secretly comfort her elderly heart with some old-world bowl, in which a roasted crab should bob against her lips, "and on her withered dew-lap pour the ale"? She looked old enough even for that. On the ground beside her was a sack half filled.

Imagination refused to picture an orgie so extensive.

She was the first to speak. In the rural parts of this West Country people do not meet and pass without a word.

"Nice weather," said she.

"Beautiful weather," said I.

"Zo 'tis," said she, and stepped aside to pour a stream of little yellow, rosy apples out of her apron into the open mouth of the sack.

"But what be about then, mother? What good is it to pick up such stuff as that?"

"Lauk-a-massy, master," she laughed, "I do often zay to myzelf this time o' year I be but like the birds that do pick a liven off the hedges."

"But what do you do with them?"

"Zell 'em."

"And what do they do with them?"

"Pay vor 'em."

In spite of rags and poverty she was a humorous old soul. However she presently put a sudden check upon her mirth, and answered with quiet civility.

"They don't use 'em here," she explained. "The man that do buy 'em o' I do zend 'em to London. I do believe they do use 'em to gie a bitter flavor to a jelly. I really do."

Then she chuckled. The thing seemed so amusing. She was laughing at an unknown world, distant and strange, where people pay such heed to the flavor of a jelly.

At the mention of London the recollection of two boys from Pimlico, whom I had met in the lane about three months before, came into my mind. Philanthropy had sent them down here, but until then they had never seen a green field. Their inferences were strange enough. I wondered what impressions the mind of this old woman of the hedgerows would gather if suddenly she could be transplanted to a city street.

"Do you live near here?"

"I do live across to Sutton," she answered, "in the little old cottage that do lie under the hill."

"I suppose you've lived there a long time?"

"All my life, as mild zay," she laughed. "I wur out to sarvice dree year; but I wur married when I wur nineteen. I wur brought to the little cottage then, an' vrom thik day to theis I ha'n't never laid head to piller under another roof."

It was by the merest accident, and only for the sake of hearing her talk, that I remarked:

"Then for certain you can't have been to London to look after the crab-apples."

In a moment her good-humor vanished. The wrinkles deepened, and the weather-beaten, upright furrows be-

tween her brows. Her eyes regarded me sharply and with suspicion.

"Who put 'ee up vor to come here an' ax me 'bout that, then?" she inquired, angrily.

I asserted my innocence. I pointed out that after all the idea of a visit to London had been rendered incredible, if not impossible, by her statement that she had never been away for a night from the little cottage under the hill.

She scanned me attentively, was satisfied with the explanation, and consoled.

"Ah, well! They do laugh at I about that, an' I thought mayhap you knowed," she cried merrily. "I have a-bin to London. An' I ha'n't never a-bin away vrom home. An' I baint no liar for all that."

She delighted in this quibbling manner of the clowns of the sixteenth century. But old-fashioned West Country folk still love to riddle in their speech. She stood expectant, eager for an invitation to go on, but fully determined to loiter.

"I can't make that out," said I.

"An' never went inzide a house," said she.

I only shook my head.

"Nor zet voot in a street."

She paused; then raised her voice in the excitement of success.

"Nor so much as laid out a penny-piece vor a bit or a zup."

It was no good. I implored her to relieve me from further mental effort by telling me without delay; but, once started, her story became a monologue—an epic of the "little old cottage that do lie under the hill." For the emotions which prompted her to undertake that memorable journey were still warm in her heart, and they carried her back even to the days of early motherhood under that little ridge of brown thatch.

"Wull, then, master," she cried, "I'll

just tell ee how it all comed about. My man an' I we dragged up a terr'ble long family, we did. Massy 'pon us! Things wur different in them days. We did all goo out in groun' to work then, wimmin an' men. An' need o' it too. There werden much wheaten bread vor poor volks them days. The wimmin vokes an' maidens did all goo out a bit to leasey a'ter the wheat wur a-hauled. We did carr' the corn down to mill. But la! The little grist-mill down to brook, he is but vower walls an' a hatch-hole now. He valled in years agone. Miller couldn' make a liven, an' zo he gi'ed un up. 'Tis the big mills, zo the tale is, do zell zo low. But I tell 'ee what, master, vokes wur jollier, one wi' another, them times than they be now. Ah! They mid eat better victuals nowadays, but there's more pride. They baint zo simple as they wur. All they do want now is to save up a vew ha-pence, an' put viner clothes to their backs, an' forget who they be."

She stopped to laugh. No philosopher ever took a more genial view of human folly than this old woman of the hedgerow. "But I wur a-gwaine to tell 'ee," she went on, suddenly remembering that the visit to London was the real subject before us. "Iss. We had zixteen, an' reared 'em all but one. Nine o' 'em bwoys, an' all g'rowed up tall an' straight as the poplar trees along the churchyard wall. Ay, 'twur a many bellies to vill. An' a house o' childern, master, is like a nest o' drushes wi' their mouths ever agape. But somehow or another God-a-Mighty did send a crust. An' then the biggest bwoy grewed up to sar a little a bird-kippen, or to drave roun' the wold hoss for the chaffcutter or the elder-maken. An' the biggest maid did mind the childern for I to go out. An' zo we knocked along till the bwoys had a-growed up hardish lads like. An' then there wur a rabbit, now an' then.

Wull, there wur a rabbit pretty often, on along then. An' then there comed a bother. An' two o' 'em, master, they had a-tookt the Queen's shillen an' drinked un, an' marched off wi' the sergeant wi' the colors in their hats, afore the summons wur out. An' they wouldn't none o' 'em bide here in parish. Two o' 'em went to furrin parts, but we never heard o' 'em since, an' whither they be 'llive or dead is more an' I can tell. They be all o' 'em one place or tother, an' I hope they be doen well. An' the maidens be all married away. Little Benjamin he wur the last to goo. I wur terr'ble sorry, too. But I said: 'Tis no more 'an a brood o' dunnocks, an' when they be vlush they do vly.'

She paused again, picked up half a dozen crab-apples, and dropped them into her apron.

"But I wur a-gwaine to tell 'ee," she quickly resumed. "Benjamin's wife she did use to zend a letter, an' one o' the school childern did read un out to me. He wur a porter to London, but house rent, her zaid, wur most wonderful dear. When I wur out quiet a-picken berries, Benjamin wur a'most for ever in my mind. Mus' be up ten year agone, an' I carr'd in nineteen peck o' berries. I do mind 'twur nineteen peck at tenpence in to factory. I can see the foreman dyer now, out in yard a-measuren o' 'em out wi' a peck measure. An' the men wur all a-chack-len about the next year's wayzgoose. 'What?' zaid I, 'do 'ee arrange next zummer's holiday afore the winter is begun?' 'We be gwaine to London for the day, an' you can come too if you be a-minded,' zaid he, though to be sure 'twur no more 'an a joke. But jus' the very nlick o' time the master his own zelf comed by; an' the foreman dyer he up an' laughed. 'Here's Mary do think to go to London wi' we next zummer.' Then they did all grin at I. But the master, he said: 'How

many years have 'ee brought berries in to I, Mary?' I zaid: "'Tis a score or one-an'-twenty, master.' Zaid he: 'Come an' ax me next zummer-fair, an' I'll gie 'ee a ticket, Mary.' An' wi the very zame on he went.

"I thought a lot about thik ticket. I thought a lot about Benjamin too. There comed a letter in the spring, that zaid that Benjamin's wife—'tis his second wife—had just a-got her third. I wur a-picken watercresses, an' 'twur most wonderful cold. I really do believe I veeled wolder them days 'an now I be sich a ancient wold 'ooman. I do mind I wur wet-vooted an' vinger-cold. That wur about the time my wold man wur a-tookt. I thought then I werden a-gwaine to live myself zo very long. I did long to zet eyes 'pon Benjamin—most terr'ble.

"Wull, when comed zummer-fair I bucked up courage an' in I went. There wur the ticket sure 'nough. I carried un home. But lauk! Afore night 'twur the talk o' all the parish, an' folk did run in an' out all day long for a week to look at un. An' I got a basket o' 'apples an' a papern bag o' lollipops for the childern to carr' in my pocket. An' the neighbors they all zaid: 'Do 'ee step in an' pick what vlowers you do want in the early marnen afore you do start.' Zo I had a tutty—a nosegay, master, bigger—ay, zix times zo big as the biggest picklen cabbage that ever wur growed. A'most zo zoon as the zun wur up I wur 'pon the road. An' 'twur sich a beautiful day, wi' a dew like vrost, an' the sky misty clear in the marnen. The train did start at vive. But I waited vor un a good half-hour, I did. An' on the road the foreman dyer he said: 'You do know how to act when you do get there, don't 'ee, Mary?' An' I told un: 'My son 'ull be at the station for certain sure.'

"But when we got out to London station, master, sure ther wur niver

sich a hurry-push in theis world afore. Made I that maze-headed I wur bound to zit down 'pon the seat to let 'em all pass. But zo zoon as one train wur gone there wur another. I wur afeared o' my life to move, an' there I zot. An' when comed to a lull like, I up an' zaid to a porter: 'Can 'ee run an' tell young Benjamin Bracher that his mother is here?' Zo he said: 'Who?' An' I told un again. 'I nivver heard the name,' said he. 'But he's a porter like yourself to London Station.' 'Which station?' he axed me. 'Why, London Station,' said I. 'Oh, ther's vifty London stations an' more,' said he. 'Then how shall I get at un?' said I. 'Do 'ee know where he do live?' he axed me. 'Tis in Silver Street,' said I. 'There's a hundred Silver Streets,' said he; an' then he wur gone.

"They ha'n't got no time to talk to a body in London. I wur afeared to move. I put the basket o' apples under the seat, an' there I zot.

"Come midday the zun did strike down most terr'ble hot, an' the place were like a oven. The nosegay o' vlowers began to quall in my han'. Zoon enough they went off zo dead as hay. Volk did stop an' stare at me. The childern did turn their heads. But there I zot.

"I wur afeared o' my life to move. Come a'ternoon I put down my han' for my hankercher to mop my face. But the lollipops had all a-melted drough the papern bag, an' he wur a-stickt to my pocket. Zo I just pat my face wi' my sleeve. An' there I zot.

"I wur too much to a mizmaze, master, ever to think. You nivver zeed sich crowds, an' like a river never stop. There I zot till come the cool o' the evenen. An' then the forman dyer comed along. An' he hollered to me: 'Mary, Mary, you'll be left behine!' an' he pushed me on by the shoulders

afore un, a'most like a wheelbarrer, an' bundled me into the train.

"'Twur midnight when the train got to Yeovil town, an' I had up vive mlle to walk. 'Twur daylight when I got home, an' a marnen misty-clear like when I started. I took the kay down out o' the thatch an' put un in kayhole. But fur the life o' me I couldn't turn un, an' I zot down 'pon step an' cried."

In a moment she was merry again.

'Zo now they do ax me if I've a-bin to London," she said; "but I do laugh w! the rest."

She told me in quaint phrase all about the harvest of the hedgerows—how the blackberries were the first to come, with the black-ripe, the red, and the green all on one bunch; and the little pale purple flowers still in bloom on the same spray, and looking as fresh as spring until the frost. They were sold not by measure but by weight. It paid better to pick at a penny when they were plenty than for three-halfpence when they were scarce. And the dealer he did come—oh, yes, he did come in a two-wheeled cart twice a week, every week of his life, and weigh and pay—no trouble about that, but money in hand paid.

But the privet berries, now, for the dyer, they must wait until after the frost, when they would pinch soft between finger and thumb, and leave a deep purple stain. And they must be carried to the factory in the town. But then—there was many a good sort

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about in the village or on the road to give an old woman a lift.

And sloes must wait for the winter too, and some years they were on the blackthorn bushes so thick as ever they could stick. Really and truly until it was washed off by the rain they were sometimes blue with bloom—most beautiful. But they went to the gentry, mostly to make sloe gin. She had quite a private connection for the sloes, and the same people bought them year after year.

"Why, you must get quite rich," said I, "at this time of the year."

"I can knock along," she boasted, "wold as I be, an' put away a shillen, too. I've a-bin poor all my life. But I've a-bin happy an' picked up bread day by day. There is that in the open vields is more company to I, 'an a street o' volk I don't know. Zunshine or rain, an' all but the hard vrostes, I do enjoy life. I do. But the young mus' all run away now-a-days."

She paused to think. Then suddenly raised her arms above her head.

"God-A'mighty, master!" she cried. "What mus' it be to be poor in thik girt place?"

Appalled at the thought she turned away and bent over her apple-picking. Yet presently she stood up and was merry again.

I positively suspected that wrinkled old eyelid of a wink.

"I baint a-gwaine to be buried by the parish," she laughed, "not I."

But even poverty can keep a good heart under the hedgerows.

*Walter Raymond.*



THE VROUW GROBELAAR'S LEADING CASES.

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON.

UNTO THE THIRD GENERATION.

The Vrouw Grobelaar, you must know, is a lady of excellent standing, as much by reason of family connections (for she was a Viljoen of the older stock herself, and buried in her time three husbands of estimable parentage) as of her wealth. Her farms extended from the Ringkop on the one side to the Holgaatspruit on the other, which is more than a day's ride; and her stock appears to be of that ideal species which does not take rinderpest. Her Kaffirs were born on the place, and will surely die there, for though the old lady is firmly convinced that she rules them with a rod of iron, the truth is she spoils them atrociously; and were it not that there is an excellent headman to her kraals, the niggers would soon grow pot-bellied in idleness.

The Vrouw Grobelaar is a lady who commands respect. Her face is a portentous mask of solemnity, and her figure is spacious beyond the average of Dutch ladies, so that certain chairs are tacitly conceded her as a monopoly. The good Vrouw does not read or write, and having never found a need in herself for these arts, is the least thing impatient of those who practice them. The Psalms, however, she appears to know by heart; also other portions of the Bible; and is capable of spitting Scripture at you on the smallest provocation. Indeed she bubbles with morality, and a mention of "the accursed thing" (which would appear to be a genus and not a species, so many articles of human commerce does it embrace) will set her effervescing with mingled blame and exhortation. But if punishment should come in question, as when a Kaffir waylaid

and slew a chicken of hers, she displays so prolific an invention in excuses, so generous a partiality for mercy, that not the most irate *induna* that ever laid down a law of his own could find a pretext for using the stick.

She lives in her homestead with some half-dozen nieces, a nephew or two, and a litter of grandchildren, who know the old lady to the core, cozen and blarney her as they please, and love her with a perfect unanimity. I think she sometimes blames herself for her tyrannical usage of these innocents, who nevertheless thrive remarkably on it. You can hardly get off your horse at the door without maiming an infant, and you can't throw a stone in any direction without killing a marriageable damsel. They pervade the old place like an atmosphere; the kraals ring with their voices, and the Kaffirs spend lives of mingled misery and delight at their irresponsible hands.

I do not think I need particularize in the matter of these youngsters, save as regards Katje. Katje refuses to be ignored, and she was no more to be overlooked than a tin-tack in the sole of your foot. She was the only child of Vrouw Grobelaar's youngest brother, Barend Viljoen, who died while lion-hunting in the Fever Country. At the time I am thinking of Katje might have been eighteen. She was like a poppy among the stubble, so delicate in her bodily fabric, and yet so opulent in shape and coloring. She was the nicest child that ever gave a kiss for the asking (you could kiss her as soon as look at her), but she was also the very devil to deal with if she saw fit to take a distaste to you. I saw

her once smack a fathom of able-bodied youth on both sides of the head with a lusty vigor that constrained the sufferer to howl. And I have seen her come to meet a man—well, me—with the readiest lips and the friendliest hand in the world. Oh, Katje was like a blotch of color in one's life; something vivid, to throw the days into relief.

A stranger to the household might have put down Katje's behavior towards the *Vrouw Grobelaar* as damnable, no less; and in the early days of my acquaintance with the family I was somewhat tempted to this opinion myself. For she not only flouted the old lady to her face, but would upon occasion disregard her utterly, and do it all with what I can only call a swagger that seemed to demand a local application of drastic measures. But Katje knew her victim, if such a word can be applied to the *Vrouw Grobelaar*, and never prodded her save on her armor. For instance, to say the Kaffirs were over-driven and starved was nothing if not flattery—to say they were spoiled and coddled would have been mere brutality.

With it all, the *Vrouw Grobelaar* went her placid way, like an elephant over eggshells. Her household did her one service, at least, in return for their maintenance, and that was to provide the old lady with an audience. It was in no sense an unwilling service, for her imagination ran to the gruesome, and she never planted a precept but she drove it home with a case in point. As a result night was often shattered by a yell from some sleeper whose dreams had trespassed on devilish domains. The *Vrouw Grobelaar* believed most entirely in Kaffir magic, in witchcraft and second sight, in ghosts and infernal possession, in destiny, and in a very personal arch-fiend who presided over a material hell when not abroad in the world on the

war-path. Besides, she had stores of tales from the lives of neighbors and acquaintances: often horrible enough, for the Boers are a lonely folk and God's finger writes large in their lives.

I almost think I can see it now—the low Dutch kitchen with its plank ceiling, the old lady in her chair, with an illustrative forefinger uplifted to punctuate the periods of her tale, the embers, white and red, glowing on the hearth, and the intent, shadow-pitted faces of the hearers, agape for horrors.

There was a tale I heard her tell to Katje, when that damsel had seen fit to observe, apropos of disobedience in general, that her grandfather's character had nothing to do with hers. The tale was in plaintive Dutch, the language that makes or breaks a storyteller, for you must hang your point on the gutturals or you miss it altogether.

"Look at my husband's uncle," said the old lady. "A sinful man, for ever swearing and cursing, and drinking. His farm was the worst in the district; the very Kaffirs were ashamed of it when they went to visit the kraals. But Voss (that was the name of my husband's uncle) cared nothing so long as there was a horse to ride into the dorp on and some money to buy whiskey with. And he drank so much and carried on so wickedly that his wife died and his girls married poor men and never went to stay with their father. So at last he lived in the house, with only his son to help him from being all alone.

"This son was Barend Voss, a great hulking fellow, with the strength of a trek-ox, and never a word of good or bad to throw away on any one. But his face was the face of a violent man. He had blue eyes with no pleasantness about them, but a sort of glitter, as though there were live coals in his brain. He did not drink like his father; and these two would sit

together in the evenings, the one bleared and stupid with liquor, and the other watching him in silence across the table. They spoke seldom to one another; and it would often happen that the father would speak to the son and get not a word of answer—only that lowering ugly stare that had grown to be a way with the boy.

"I think those two men must have grown to hate each other in the evenings as they sat together; the younger one despising and loathing his father, and the father hating his son for so doing. I have often wondered how they never came to blows—before they did, that is.

"One morning old Voss rode off to the dorp, and Barend watched him from the door till he went out of sight in the kloof. All the day he was away, and when he came back again it was late in the night. Barend was sitting in his usual place at the table scowling over his folded arms.

"Old Voss had not ridden off his liquor; and he staggered into the house singing a dirty English song. He had a bottle in his hands, and banged it down on the table in front of his son.

"'Now, old sheep's head,' he shouted, 'have a drink and drop those airs of yours.'

"Barend sat where he was, and said not a word—just watched the other.

"'Come on,' shouted old Voss; 'I'm not going to drink alone. If you won't take it pleasantly I'll make you take it, and be damned to you!'

"Barend sat still, scowling always. I daresay a sober man would have seen something in his eyes and let be. But old Voss was blind to his danger, and shouted on.

"The younger man kept his horrid

silence, and never moved, till the father was goaded to a drunken rage.

"'If you won't drink,' he screamed, 'take that,' and he flung a full cupful of the spirit right in the young man's face.

"Then everything was in the fire. The two men fought in the room like beasts, oversetting table and lamp, and stamping into the fire on the hearth. Barend was mad with a passion of long nursing, and hewed with his great fists till the old man fell heavily to the ground, and lay moaning.

"Barend stood over him, glowing. 'Swine!' he said to his father; 'swine and brute! get you out of this house to the veld. You are no father of mine.'

"But the old man was much hurt, and lay where he had fallen, groaning as though he had not heard.

"'I will have you out of this,' said the son. 'If you are come to die, die on the road. I have wished you dead for years.'

"So he wound his hand, with the knuckles all over blood, in the old man's white hair, and threw open the door with his other hand.

"'Out with you!' he shouted, and dragged him down the step and into the yard. Yes, he dragged him across the yard to the gate; and when he unfastened the gate the old man opened his eyes and spoke.

"'Leave me here,' he said, speaking slowly and painfully. 'Leave me here, my son. So far I dragged my father.'"

The Vrouw Grobelaar, to point a weighty moral, turned her face upon Katje. But that young lady was sleeping soundly with her mouth open.

#### THE DREAM-FACE.

"I wish," said Katje, looking up from her book—"I wish a man would come and make me marry him."

The Vrouw Grobelaar wobbled where she sat with stupefaction.

"Yes," continued Katje, musingly

casting her eyes to the rafters, "I wish a man would just take me by the hand—so—and not listen to anything I said, nor let me go however I should struggle, and carry me off on the peak of his saddle and marry me. I think I would be willing to die for a man who could do that."

The Vrouw Grobelaar found her voice at last. "Katje," she said with deep-toned emphasis, "you are talking wickedness, just wickedness. Do you think I would let a man—any man, or perhaps an Englishman—carry you off like a strayed ewe?"

"The sort of man I'm thinking of," replied the maiden, "wouldn't ask you for permission. He'd simply pick me up, and away he'd go."

At times, and in certain matters, Vrouw Grobelaar would display a ready acumen. "Tell me, Katje," she said now, "who is this man?"

Then Katje dropped her book and, sitting upright with an unimpeachable surprise, stared at the old lady.

"I'm not thinking of any man," she remarked calmly. "I was just wishing there was a man who would have the pluck to do it."

The Vrouw Grobelaar shook her head. "Good Burghers don't carry girls away," she said. "They come and drink coffee, and sit with them, and talk about the sheep."

"And behave as if they had never worn boots before, and didn't know what to do with their hands," added the maiden. "Aunt, am I a girl to marry a man who upsets three cups of coffee in half an hour, and borrows a handkerchief to wipe his knees?"

Now there could be no shadow of doubt that this was an openbreasted cut at young Fanie von Tromp, whose affection for Katje was a matter of talk on the farms, and whose overtures that young lady had consistently sterilized with ridicule.

The Vrouw Grobelaar was void of delicacy. "Fanie is a good lad," she said, "and when his father dies he will have a very large property."

"It'll console him for not adding me to his live stock," retorted Katje.

"He is handsome, too," continued the old lady. "His beard is as black as —"

"A carrion-crow," added Katje promptly.

"Quite," agreed the Vrouw Grobelaar, with a perfect unconsciousness of the unsavoriness of the suggestion.

"And he walks like a duck with sore feet," went on Katje. "He is as graceful as a trek-ox, and his conversational talents are those of a donkey in long grass."

"All that is a young girl's nonsense," observed the old lady. "I was like that once myself. But when one grows a little older and fatter, and there is less about one to take a man's eye—a fickle thing, Katje, a fickle thing,—one looks for more in a husband than a light foot and a smart figure."

Katje was a trifle abashed, for all the daughters of her house, were they never so slender, grew tubby in their twenties.

"Besides," continued the worthy Vrouw, "your talk is chaff from a mill. It must come out to leave the meal clean. Perhaps, after all, Fanie is the man to carry you off. I think you would not take so much trouble to worry him if you thought nothing of him."

The Vrouw Grobelaar had never heard of Beatrice and her Benedick, but she had a notion of the principle.

"I hate him," cried Katje with singular violence.

"I think not," replied the old lady. "Sometimes the thing we want is at our elbows, and we cannot grasp it because we reach too far. Did I ever tell you how Stoffel Struben nearly went mad for love of his wife?"

"No," said Katje, unwillingly interested.

"He was something of a fool to begin with," commenced the *Vrouw Grobelaar*. "He chose his wife for a certain quality of gentleness she had, and though I will not deny she made him a good wife and a patient, still gentleness will not boil a pot. He was a fine fellow to look at; big and upstanding, with plenty of blood in him, and a grand mat of black hair on top. He moved like a buck; so ready on his feet and so lively in all his movements. *He* might have carried you off, Katje, and done you no good in the end.

"He was happy with his pretty wife for a while, and might have been happy all his life and died blessedly had he but been able to keep from conjuring up faces in his mind and falling in love with them. Greta, his wife, had hair like golden wheat, so smooth and rippled with light; and no sooner had he stroked his fill of it than he conceived nut-brown to be the most lovely color of woman's hair. Her eyes were blue, and for half a year he loved them; then hazel seemed to him a better sort. I said he was a fool, didn't I?

"So his marriage to Greta became a chain instead of a union, while the poor lass fretted her heart out over his dark looks and short answers. He was shallow, Katje, shallow; he had the mere capacity for love, but it was a short way to the bottom of it. You will see by-and-by that the men who deserve least always want most. Stoffel had no right to a woman at all; when he had one, and she a good girl, he let his eyes rove for others.

"So he went about his farm with his mind straying and his heart abroad. If you spoke to him, he paused awhile, and then looked at you with a start as though freshly waked. He saw nothing as he went, neither his wife with the questions in her eyes that she

shamed to say with her lips, nor the child that crowed at him from her arms. He was deaf and blind to the healthy world, to all save the silly dreams his poisoned soul fed on.

"Well, wicked or not, it is at least unsafe not to look where one is going. This was a thing Stoffel never did: since he overlooked his wife, it was not to be expected he would see a strand of fencing-wire on the ground. So he rode on to it, and down came his horse. Down came Stoffel too, and there was a stone handy on the place where his head lit to let some of the moonshine out of him. He saw a heavenfull of stars for a moment, and then saw nothing for a long time. Save—one strange thing!

"When life came back to him he was in his bed very sore and empty, and very mightily surprised to see himself alive, after all. He was exceedingly weak and somewhat misty as to how it all had happened. But one thing he seemed to remember—more than seemed, so strong, so plain, so deep was his memory of it. He thought he recalled pain and blindness, and a sudden light, in which he saw a face close to his, a girl's face, pitiful, tender, loving, and charged with more than all the sweetness of beauty that his sick heart could long for. The thing was like one of those dreams from which one wakes sad and thoughtful, as when one has overstepped the boundary mark of life and cast an eye on heaven.

"It was no face that he knew, and he turned on his pillow to think of it. He could not believe it was a dream. 'It was a soul,' he said to himself. 'I knew, I was sure, that somewhere there was such a face, but it only came to my eyes when I was on the borderland of death. If ever God gave a thing to a mortal man, he should have given me that woman.'

"So with such blasphemous thoughts he idled through the days of his sick-



ness, very quiet, very weak, and kind to his wife beyond the ordinary. Of course she, poor woman, knew nothing of the silly tale, and when her husband gave her those little caresses one would not withhold from an affectionate dog, she blessed God that he was come to himself again. You see, Katje dear, that as a man demands more than he can claim with right, a woman must often make shift with less. It is well to learn this early.

"Stoffel grew well in time, and got about again. But the stone had made less of a dent in his skull than the face in his heart, and he was changed altogether. He served a false god, but served it faithfully. He was very gentle and patient with every one, almost like a saint, and he took infinite pains with the work of his farm. He would hurt no living thing—not even so much as lash a team of lazy oxen. You would have thought Kaffirs would have done as they pleased with him, but they obeyed his least word, and hung on his eyes for orders as though they worshipped him. Kaffirs and dogs will sometimes see farther than a Christian.

"Meanwhile Greta came to die. It was a chill, perhaps, with a trifle of fever on top of that, and it carried her off like a candle-flame when it is blown out. She died well—very well indeed. None of your whimpering and moaning and slinking out of the back-door of life when nobody is looking; nor that unconscious death that shuts out a chance of a few last words. No; Greta saw with her eyes and spoke with her mouth to the last, then folded her hands and died as handsomely as one would wish to see. She prayed a trifle, as she should; forgave her brother's wife for speaking ill of her, and hoped her tongue would not lure her to destruction. I have heard her brother's wife never forgave her for it.

"On the last day she sent everybody

out of the room save only Stoffel, and him she held by the hand as he sat beside the bed. She knew she was drawing to her end (the dying always know it) and feared nothing. But there was a matter she wanted to know.

"‘Stoffel,’ she said when they were alone, ‘won’t you tell me now who that woman is?’

"‘What woman?’ said Stoffel amazed, for of his dream in his sickness he had spoken to no living soul.

"She stroked his hand and shook her head at him. ‘Ah, Stoffel,’ she said, ‘it is long since I first made place for that woman, and if I grudged her you, I never grudged you her. I was content with what you gave me, Stoffel; I thought you right, whatever you did, and I go to God still thinking so. All our life, Stoffel, she prevailed against me, and I submitted; but *now*, at this last moment, I want to have the better of it. Tell me, who was it?’

"And Stoffel, looking on the floor, answered, ‘I swear to you there was no woman.’

"She replied, ‘And ere the cock crows thou shalt deny me thrice.’ She turned her head and looked at him with a pitiful drawn smile that would have dragged tears from a demon. ‘Was she dark, Stoffel? I am fair, you know; but my hair—look at it, Stoffel,—my hair is golden. Did you never notice it before? She was tall, I suppose? Well, I am something short, but, Stoffel, I am slender, too. Will you not so much as tell me her name, Stoffel? It is not as if I blamed you.’

"A truth, hardly won, is always set on a pile of lies. ‘How do you know there was a woman?’ asked Stoffel.

"‘How!’ she repeated. ‘How I know! Stoffel, you never had a thought I did not know; never a hope but I hoped it for you, nor a fear but I thought how to safeguard you. I never lived but in you, Stoffel.’

"Let us speak nothing but the truth now," she went on. "You and I have always been beyond the need for lies to another and as I wait here for you to tell me, I have one hand in yours and the other in Christ's. Let me not think hardly of her as I go."

"You would not curse her?" he said quickly.

"Not even that," she answered, smiling a little. "And if you will not tell me, I will die even content with that, since it is your wish."

"Listen," said Stoffel then. And forthwith, looking backwards and forwards in shame and sorrow, he told the tale. He told her how he saw a face, which laid hold on his life ever after, how it governed and compelled him with the mere memory, and hung in his mind like a deed done. And he also told how he hoped after death to see that face with the eyes of his soul, and dwell with it in heaven.

"When he had finished he cast a glance at his wife. She was lying on her back, holding his hand still, and smiling up to the ceiling with a pleasant face of contentment.

"Can you forgive me?" he cried, and would have gone on to protest and explain, but she pressed his hand and he was silent.

"Forgive you?" she said at last. "Forgive you! No; but I will bless you for all of it. So it seems I have won after all, but now I wish I had let be. It was no spirit you saw, Stoffel. There was a woman there, and while you lay white and lifeless she held you in her arms, and bent over you. And just for one moment you opened your eyes and saw her, while her face was close to yours. Then you died again, and remained so for a day and a night. Was there love in her eyes, Stoffel?"

"Love!" cried Stoffel, and fell silent.

"In a minute he spoke again. 'I am helpless,' he said, 'and you are strong.

But, curse and hate me as you will, you must tell me who this woman was.'

"A little time since it was I that asked," she said, "and you would not tell me."

"I beseech you," he said.

"You shall never ask twice," she answered gently. "I will tell you, but not this moment."

"So for a while they sat together, and the sun began to go down, and blazed on the window-panes and on the golden hair of the dying woman. She lay as if in a mist of glory, and smiled at Stoffel. He, looking at her, could not lack of being startled by the beauty that had come over her face, and the joy that weighed her eyelids.

"She stirred a little, and sighed. Stoffel cast an arm round her to hold her up, and his heart bounded woe-fully when he felt how light she was. Her head came to his shoulder, as to a place where it belonged, and their lips met."

"Shall I tell you now?" she said in a whisper.

"Stoffel did not answer, so she asked again. 'Will you know, Stoffel?'

"No," he answered, 'I'm cured.'

"I will tell you then," she cried.

"No," he repeated. 'Let it be.'

"So together they sat for a further while, and the time grew on for going. She was to die with the sun; she had said it. And as they sat both could see through the window the sun floating lower, with an edge in its grave already, and the rim of the earth black against it. The noises of the veld and the farm came in to them, and they drew closer together.

"Neither wept; they were too newly met for that. But Stoffel felt a dull pain of sorrow overmastering him, and soon he groaned aloud,

"My wife, my wife," he cried.

"She rested wholly on his arm, and shivered a little.

"'Stoffel,' she said in a voice that henceforth was to whisper for ever, 'Stoffel, you love me?'"

"'As God sees me,' he answered.

"'Listen,' she said, and fought with the tide that was fast drowning her words. *'That face—you—saw . . . was . . . mine!'*"

"She smiled as his arm tightened on her, and died so smiling."

There was silence in the shadowy room as the tale finished, until it was broken by the Vrouw Grobelaar.

"You see?" she said.

"Yes," replied Katje, very quietly.

#### THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.

The Vrouw Grobelaar entered in haste, closed the door, and sat down panting.

"If my last husband were alive," she said—"if *any* of them were alive, that creature would be shot for looking at an honest woman with such eyes," and she cast an anxious glance over her shoulder.

"What is it?" demanded Katje.

"That old Hottentot hag," responded the old lady. "She looks like a witch, and I am sure she is a witch. I would make the Kaffirs throw her on to the veld, but you can't be too careful with witches. Why, as I came in just now, she was squatting by the door like a big toad, and her eyes made me go cold all through."

Katje made a remark.

"What! You say nonsense!" The old lady pricked herself into an ominous majesty. "Nonsense, indeed! Katje, beware of pride. Beware of puffing yourself up. Aren't they witches in the Bible, and weren't they horrible and wicked? Didn't King David see the dead corpses come up out of the ground when the witch crooked her finger, like dogs running to heel? Well, then!

"Oh, I know," continued the old lady, as Katje tossed a mutinous head. "They've taught you a lot in that school, but they didn't teach you belief. Nor manners. You're going to say there are no witches nowadays."

"I'm not," said Katje.

"Yes, you are," pursued the Vrouw Grobelaar. "I know you. But you're

wrong. You don't know anything. Young girls in these days are like young pigs, all squeak and fight, but no bacon. Didn't the brother of my half-brother's wife die of a witch's devilry?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned hapless Katje.

"Well, he did. I'll tell you." The old lady settled herself comfortably and lapsed into history.

"His name was Fanie, and he was a Van der Merwe on his father's side, but his mother was only a Prinsloo, though *her* mother was a Coetzee, for the matter of that. He wasn't what I should call good—at least, not always; but he was very big and strong, and made a lot of noise, and folk liked him. The women used to make black white to prove that the things he did and said were proper things, although they'd have screamed all night if their own men-folk had done the same. They say, you know," said the Vrouw Grobelaar, quoting a very old and seldom-heard Dutch proverb, "that when women pray they think God is a handsome man."

"What I didn't like about him was his way with the Kaffirs. A Kaffir is more useful than a dog after all, and one shouldn't be always beating and kicking even a dog. And Fanie could never pass a Kaffir without kicking him or flicking his whip at him. I have seen all the Kaffirs run to their kraals when they saw him riding up the road.

"There was one old Kaffir we had,—

very old and weak, and no use at all. He used to sit by the gate all day, and mumble to himself, and seem to look at things that weren't there. His head was quite white with age, which is not a common thing with Kaffirs, as you know; and he was so foolish and helpless that his people used to feed him with a spiked stick, like a motherless chicken. And in case the fowls should go and sit on his back while he crouched in the sun, as I have seen them do, there was a little Kaffir picaninny, as black as a crow, that was sent to play about near him every day. Dear Lord! I have seen those two sitting there, looking at each other for an hour on end, without a word, as though both had been children or both old men. Nobody minded them: we used to throw sugar to the picaninny, and watch him fighting with the fowls for it, rolling about on his little black belly like a new-hatched duckling himself.

"Well, Fanie, . . . it was horrible. . . . I don't like to think of it to this day. He came over one day in a great hurry to tell us that August de Villiers, the father of the Predikant at Dopfontein, was choked with a peach-stone. He was riding very fast, and as he came near the house he rode off the road and jumped his horse at the wall. And as he came over, up rose the little picaninny right under his horse's hoofs. 'Twas a quick way to die, and without much pain, no doubt; but a most awful thing to see. The horse stumbled on to him, and I can remember now how his knee, the near knee, crushed the little Kaffir's chest in. The little black legs and arms fought for a moment, and then the horse struggled up, and he was dead.

"Fanie seemed sorry. He couldn't help killing the picaninny, of course, and perhaps we had grown rather foolish about him, having watched him and laughed at him so long. So Fanie

got off his horse and came in to tell us the news.

"When we went out the horse was standing at the door where Fanie had left it. But the old Kaffir was kneeling by the steps fingering its hoofs, which were all bloody, and as Fanie came forward he put out his hands and left a little spot of blood on Fanie's shoes.

"Fanie stood for a moment, and his face went white as paper over his black beard. He knew, you see. But in a flash he went red as fire, and lashed the old man across the face with his whip. The old man did not move at all; but my brothers held Fanie and called to the Kaffirs to come and fetch the old man away. Oh, but I promise you Fanie was angry, as men will be when they are obliged to be good by force.

"Well, that was all that happened that day. Fanie went away, and we all saw that he galloped the horse as fast as it could go. But down by the kraals the Kaffirs who were carrying the old man stopped and watched him as he went.

"Well, in a few days most of us forgot the ugly business, though the little picaninny used to walk through my dreams for a time. Still, blood-kin are blood-kin, and Kaffirs are Kaffirs, and one day Fanie came over to see us again and we gave him coffee. He told us a story about a roolnek that bought a sheep, and the man gave him a dog in a sack, and he paid for it and went away, and we all laughed at it. He was very funny that day, and said that when he married he would choose an old woman who would die quickly and leave him all her farms. So it was late and dark before he up-saddled to go away.

"Well, he was gone a quarter of an hour when we heard hoofs, galloping, galloping, hard and furious, coming up the road. And as we opened the door

a horse came over the wall and Fanie tumbled off it and came rushing in.

"We all screamed. He was white like ashes, and wet with sweat, and trembling, so that he could not stand.

" 'Fanie,' cried my sister, 'what is it?' and he groaned and put his face in his hands.

"By-and-by he spoke, and kept glancing about him and turning to look behind him, and would not let one of us move away.

" 'There was something behind me,' he said.

" 'Something?' we all asked.

" 'Yes,' he said. 'Something . . . dead! It followed me up here, and I could not get away from it, spur as hard as I would. I think it is a death-call.'

"Then we were all frightened, but we could not help wanting to hear more.

" 'No,' said Fanie, 'I did not see it, nor hear it even, but I knew it was there.'

" 'It was a sign,' said my mother, a very wise old woman. 'Let us all thank God.'

"So we thanked God on our knees, but I'm sure I don't know what for.

"Then Fanie told us all he knew, and that was just nothing. As he came to the kloof he was afraid of something in front of him. He said he felt like a man in grave-clothes. So he turned, and then the, . . . whatever it was, . . . seemed to come after him; so he galloped and galloped as hard as the horse could lay hoof to the earth, and prayed till his heart nearly burst. And then, not knowing where he was going, he jumped the wall and came among us. We were all silent when he had told us.

"Then Oom Jan spoke. He was very old, and seldom said anything.

" 'You have done murder!' he said.

"If I talk till my mouth is stopped with dust I shall never be able to tell

how cold I felt about the heart when I heard that. For the little picaninny came plain before my eyes, and oh! I was all full of pity for Fanie. I liked him well enough in those days.

"He stopped with us that night. He would not go away nor be alone, so he slept with my brothers, and held their hands and prayed half the night. In the morning they took him home on one of our horses, for his own was fit to die from the night's work.

"That was the last I ever saw of Fanie. It was as though he went from us to God. He kissed me on both cheeks when he went away; he kissed us all, but me first of all, and held both my hands. I think he must have liked me too,—don't you think so, Katje?"

"Yes," said Katje softly.

"He went down the road between my brothers with his head bent like an old man's, and I watched him out of sight, and I was very, very sorry for him. I don't think I cried, but I may have. He was a fine tall man.

"One night my brothers came in just as I was going to bed, and one stood in the door while the other whispered to my mother. She looked up and saw me standing there.

" 'Go to bed,' she said.

" 'What is it?' I asked.

" 'Go to bed,' said my brother.

" 'No,' I said. 'Tell me, is it Fanie?'

"My brother looked at me and threw up his hand like a man who can do no more. 'Yes,' he said.

"Then I knew, as though he had shouted it out, that Fanie was dead. I cannot say how, but I knew it.

" 'He is dead,' I said. 'Bring him in here.'

"So they went out and carried Fanie in with his clothes all draggled and his beard full of mud. They laid him on the table, and I saw his face . . . Dear God! . . . There was terror on that face, carven and set in dead flesh



that set my blood screaming in my body. Sometimes even now I wake in the night all shrinking with fear of the very memory of it.

"But there is one thing more. We went about to put everything in order and lay the poor corpse in decency, and when we started to pull off his veldschoen, as I hope to die in my bed, there was a little drop of blood still wet on the toe.

"I think God's right hand was on my head that night that I did not go mad.

"I heard the tale next morning. My

Blackwood's Magazine.

brothers, coming home, found him, . . . it, . . . in a spruit, already quite dead. There was no horse by, but his spoor led back a mile to where the horse lay dead and stiff. When it fell he must have run on, . . . screaming, perhaps, . . . till he fell in the spruit. I would like to think peace came to him at the last; but there was no peace in the dead face."

The Vrouw Grobelaar dropped her face on to her hands, and Katje came and passed an arm of sympathy and protection around her.

## THE NEW JAPAN.\*

It is fifty years since Japan was awakened from the dream of two centuries and a half, and her door turned slowly on its hinges, which creaked with the rust of these long weary years. How it chanced that a country which received its ancient art, literature, religion, and civilization from China through Korea, a country which until thirty-seven years ago had a mediaeval form of feudalism for its social basis, a country which until then was only known for its harakiri and its two-sworded Samurai, should within such a short space of time become a seat of liberty and civilization in the Orient, the object of admiration and envy not only of the Asiatic countries, but also of some of the Western countries, is one of the most perplexing problems in the history of the world. But the fact is very clear. From time immemorial, though we strove hard to preserve the national character-

istics of our own race, we were always disposed to mingle with other races. The "Yamato Minnyoku," as we proudly call our race, is an agglomeration of several tribes, or races, which came from the West and the South and the North. Moreover, our national character had always within itself the germs of liberalism, and therefore was never governed by a set of narrow national ideas, condemning the customs, laws, religion, and literature of other nations, which, if they were good, we soon adopted and assimilated with our own.

It may be asked, how was it, then, that we turned out the Portuguese missionaries and persecuted and massacred all the native Christians, and closed our door to Western intercourse for over two centuries? The answer to this question is very simple. Although the object of the pioneer of the mission, St. Francis Xavier, was to preach the gospel of Christ, that of those who fol-

sprang two great political parties, the Liberal founded by Count Itagaki of Tosa and the Progressive, led by Count Okuma of the clan of Hizen, writer of this article.

\* In 1881, some years after the restoration of the Mikado to power, the Ministers of two of the four leading clans—those of Tosa and Hizen—resigned their offices on the Korean question. From these dissatisfied elements

lowed him was by no means to spread the doctrine of Christianity, but to absorb our country by a series of most treacherous intrigues. However well disposed we were towards them at first, however willing we were to listen to things consonant to nature and reason, we could not tolerate that foreign intriguers should appropriate even an inch of our territory, and hence the wholesale massacre and expulsion.

Nations who are not disposed to come into contact with other forms of civilization, like the Chinese and Koreans, can never become great and prosper. Our people, as I have mentioned before, being composed of several races and tribes, have no prejudice or antipathy against a civilization foreign to their own, but are always willing to import all those outside influences which are new and beneficial to them. When centuries ago the Koreans, whose guardians and protectors we now are, brought to us the religion, customs, laws, literature and arts of China we eagerly adopted them, and soon shaped them as would suit our national characteristics and aptitudes, both Buddhism and Confucianism especially being speedily assimilated with Shintoism. Thus, during the many centuries which have elapsed since the introduction of Buddhism and Confucianism there has never been a conflict between them and Shintoism. All of them have been interpreted and taught in such a way as would not be prejudicial to our past traditions and future prosperity. Had the Portuguese missionaries confined their energy to religious enterprises only Japan would easily have been transformed into a Christian country, with a sect of her own; for a few years' exertion by Xavier and his followers succeeded in making more than a million converts, including several of the feudal lords and their retainers—a most wonderful achievement when we take into consideration the population of the

country in those days. When we remember that in Europe, in mediæval ages, religious conflicts were of frequent occurrence, and often were the causes of great and destructive wars and dynastic struggles, the absolute freedom with which foreign religions were allowed to establish themselves in this country becomes more evident. When St. Francis Xavier came to the "Land of Sunrise," Buddhism was the prevailing religion, and had a very strong hold upon the people. But the pioneers of the Portuguese mission had not only absolute immunity from persecution or interference, but their religion was eagerly taken up by every class of the population. The best evidence of this is given by no less an authority than Xavier himself, in the following letter which he wrote to the Christian Society at Goa in the year 1550. "The nation," writes he, "with which we have to deal here surpasses in goodness any of the nations ever discovered. They are of a kindly disposition, wonderfully desirous of honor, which is placed above everything else. They listen with great avidity to discourse about God and divine things. In the native place of Paul (a Japanese convert named Anjiro) they received us very kindly, the governor, the chief citizens, and, indeed, the whole populace. Give thanks to God, therefore, that a very wide and promising field is opened to you for your well-roused piety to spend its energies in."

And this letter was written at a time when a great religious schism was taking place in Europe, and Christian England was persecuting in a most pitiless way a sect of her own religion.

A nation which had been entirely given over to the influences of Buddhism welcoming a Christian mission in such a hearty manner looks at first sight as wonderful and perplexing as our progress during the last thirty years. But it must be remembered that

from the earliest time, living in an island country, we had been free from that sort of foreign yoke and oppression which every nation has more or less to endure in turn. No foreign invaders had ever conquered or enslaved our land. True, centuries ago, our shores were occasionally menaced, and the island of Kiushiu, being exposed to piratical attacks, was made the object of pillage, and the frequent attacks of foreign adventurers finally led the Emperor Jingo (excuse the word, O reader, for the word simply means "Divine Success") to make an expedition to Korea and conquer the peninsula. Later the famous Chinese conqueror, Khablai Khan, with a magnificent fleet of galleys came to our shores, only to meet with the same fate as the Spanish Armada. Then again in 1592, the great warrior Hideyoshi tried to subdue Korea; but owing to his untimely death the great scheme had to be abandoned, and his conquering army was recalled. A nation which possesses a written history of 2500 years, and which has never had to endure any humiliation at the hands of foreign invaders, would naturally have no prejudice against other nations, and consequently our nationalism has no narrow selfish meaning.

Although the plots of the Portuguese missionaries had a sad effect upon the people for two centuries, when Commander Perry came to Uraga fifty years ago, and by his friendly action showed us that every nation was not like the Portuguese intriguers, and when we came to realize that in a state of isolation no civilized existence is possible, we at once opened our door

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*(Translated by COUNT SOYESHIMA.)*

to the outside world and were admitted into the comity of nations.

The second opening of our land to foreign intercourse, instead of rousing a feeling of hostility towards other nations as in China, served to enhance the feeling of friendship. But at the same time, having lived in peace for over twenty-five centuries, it is natural we should wish that no aggressive nation should disturb the peace of the Far East, and threaten the existence of our country. The China-Japan war was the outcome of the feeling that Korea under the suzerainty of China was a constant menace to the future prosperity of our Empire. The same feeling is the cause of the present war, for Korea in the possession of Russia means the loss of our national independence. How patient we were during the protracted and tedious negotiations with Russia all the world knows. The war is not the result of any racial hatred, or of the spirit of revenge, or of aggressive designs. Having been forced upon us, not sought by us, it is purely defensive. When the war is concluded the whole world will be surprised to see, as after the war with China, that not a trace of enmity or any ill-feeling exists towards our temporary enemy. Not even towards the Russians shall we cease to possess the feeling of amity, which comes from confidence in our own strength, and from the fact that through 2500 years of our history we have never known a defeat; and as in the past, so in the future, it will be our sole guide in our efforts to attain a high stage of Western civilization.

*Okuma.*

## ANATOLE FRANCE.

The latest volume of M. Anatole France purports, by the declaration of its title-page, to contain several profitable narratives. The story of Crainquebille's encounter with human justice stands at the head of them; and a tale of a well-bestowed charity closes the book with the delicate touch of playful irony characteristic of the writer on whom the most distinguished amongst his literary countrymen have conferred the rank of the Prince of Prose.

Never has a dignity been better borne. M. Anatole France is a good prince. He knows nothing of tyranny but much of compassion. The detachment of his mind from common errors and current superstitions befits the exalted rank he holds in the Commonwealth of Literature. It is just to suppose that the clamor of the tribes in the forum had little to do with his elevation. Their elect are of another stamp. They are such as their need of precipitate action requires. He is the elect of the Senate—the Senate of Letters—whose Conscript Fathers have recognized him as *primus inter pares*; a post of pure honor and of no privilege.

It is a good choice. First, because it is just; and next, because it is safe. The dignity shall suffer no diminution in M. Anatole France's hands. He is worthy of a great tradition, learned in the lessons of the past, concerned with the present, and as earnest as to the future as a good prince should be in his public action. It is a Republican dignity. And M. Anatole France, with his sceptical insight into all forms of government, is a good Republican. He is indulgent to the weaknesses of the people, and perceives that political institutions, whether contrived by the wis-

dom of the few or the ignorance of the many, are incapable of securing the happiness of mankind. He perceives this truth in the serenity of his soul and in the elevation of his mind. He expresses his convictions with measure, restraint, and harmony, which are indeed princely qualities. He is a great analyst of illusions. He searches and probes their innermost recesses as if they were realities made of an eternal substance. And therein consists his humanity; this is the expression of his profound and unalterable compassion. He will flatter no tribe, no section in the forum or in the market-place. His lucid thought is not beguiled into false pity or into the common weakness of affection. He feels that men born in ignorance as in the house of an enemy, and condemned to struggle with error and passions through endless centuries, should be spared the supreme cruelty of a hope for ever deferred. He knows that our best hopes are unrealizable; that it is the almost incredible misfortune of mankind, but also its highest privilege, to aspire towards the impossible; that men have never failed to defeat their highest aims by the very strength of their humanity which can conceive the most gigantic tasks but leaves them disarmed before their irremediable littleness. He knows this well because he is an artist and a master; but he knows, too, that only in the continuity of effort there is a refuge from despair for minds less clear-seeing and philosophic than his own. Therefore he wishes us to believe and to hope, preserving in our activity the consoling illusion of power and intelligent purpose. He is a good and politic prince.

"The majesty of justice is contained entire in each sentence pronounced by

the judge in the name of the sovereign people. Jerome Crainquebille, hawker of vegetables, became aware of the august aspect of the law as he stood indicted before the tribunal of the higher Police Court on a charge of insulting a constable of the force." With this exposition begins the first tale of M. Anatole France's latest volume.

The bust of the Republic and the image of the Crucified Christ appear side by side above the bench occupied by the President Bourriche and his two assessors; all the laws divine and human are suspended over the head of Crainquebille.

From the first visual impression of the accused and of the court the author passes by a characteristic and natural turn to the historical and moral significance of those two emblems of State and religion whose accord is only possible to the confused reasoning of an average man. But the reasoning of M. Anatole France is never confused. His reasoning is clear and informed by a profound erudition. Such is not the case of Crainquebille, a street hawker, charged with insulting the constituted power of society in the person of a policeman. The charge is not true, nothing was further from his thoughts; but, amazed by the novelty of his position, he does not reflect that the cross on the wall perpetuates the memory of a sentence which for nineteen hundred years all the Christian peoples have looked upon as a grave miscarriage of justice. He might well have challenged the President to pronounce any sort of condemnation, if it were merely to forty-eight hours of simple imprisonment, in the name of the Crucified Redeemer.

He might have done so. But Crainquebille, who has lived pushing every day for half a century his hand-barrow loaded with vegetables through the streets of Paris, has not a philosophic mind. Truth to say he has

nothing. He is one of the disinherited. Properly speaking, he has no existence at all, or, to be strictly truthful, he had no existence till M. Anatole France's philosophic mind and human sympathy have called him up from his nothingness for our pleasure, and, as the title-page of the book has it, no doubt for our profit also.

Therefore we behold him in the dock, a stranger to all historical, political, or social considerations which can be brought to bear upon his case. He remains lost in astonishment. Penetrated with respect, overwhelmed with awe, he is ready to trust the judge upon the question of his transgression. In his conscience he does not think himself culpable; but M. Anatole France's philosophical mind discovers for us that he feels all the insignificance of such a thing as the conscience of a perambulating greengrocer in the face of the symbols of the law and before the ministers of social repression. Crainquebille is innocent; but already the young advocate, his defender, has half persuaded him of his guilt.

On this phrase practically ends the introductory chapter of the story which, as the author's dedication states, has inspired an admirable draughtsman and a skilful dramatist, each in his art, to a vision of tragic grandeur. And this opening chapter without a name—consisting of two pages and a half, some four hundred words at most—is a masterpiece of insight and simplicity resumed in M. Anatole France's distinction of thought and in his princely command of words.

## II.

It is followed by six more short chapters, concise and full, delicate and complete like the petals of a flower, presenting to us the Adventure of Crainquebille—Crainquebille Before the Justice—An Apology for the President



of the Tribunal—Of the Submission of Crainquebille to the Laws of the Republic—Of his Attitude Before the Public Opinion, and so on to the chapter of the Last Consequences. We see, realized for us in his outward form and innermost perplexity, the old man degraded from his high estate of a law-abiding street hawker and driven to insult, really this time, the majesty of the social order in the person of another police constable. It is not an act of revolt, and still less of revenge. Crainquebille is too old, too resigned, too weary, too guileless to raise the black standard of insurrection. He is cold and homeless and starving. He remembers the warmth and the food of the prison. He perceives the means to get back there. Since he has been locked up, he argues with himself, for uttering words which, as a matter of fact, he did not say, he will go forth now, and to the first policeman he meets shall say those very words in order to be imprisoned again. Thus reasons Crainquebille with simplicity and confidence. He accepts facts. Nothing surprises him. But all the phenomena of social organization and of his own life remain for him mysterious to the end. The description of the policeman in his short cape and hood, who stands quite still, under the light of a street lamp at the edge of the pavement shining with the wet of a rainy autumn evening along the whole extent of a long and deserted thoroughfare, is a perfect piece of imaginative precision. From under the edge of the hood his eyes look upon Crainquebille, who has just uttered in an uncertain voice the sacramental, insulting phrase of the popular slang; they look upon him shining in the deep shadow of the hood with an expression of sadness, vigilance, and contempt.

He does not move. Crainquebille in a feeble and hesitating voice repeats once more the insulting words. But

this policeman is full of philosophic superiority, disdain, and indulgence. He refuses to take in charge the old and miserable vagabond who stands before him shivering and ragged in the drizzle. And the ruined Crainquebille, victim of a ridiculous miscarriage of justice, appalled at this magnanimity, passes on hopelessly down the street full of shadows where the lamps gleam each in a ruddy halo of falling mist.

M. Anatole France can speak for the people. This prince of the Senate is invested with the tribunitian power. M. Anatole France is something of a Socialist; and in that respect he seems to depart from his sceptical philosophy. But as an illustrious statesman, now no more, a great prince too, with an ironic mind and a literary gift, has sarcastically remarked in one of his public speeches, "we are all Socialists now." And in the sense in which it may be said that we all in Europe are Christians that is true enough. To many of us Socialism is merely an emotion. An emotion is much and is also less than nothing. It is the initial impulse. The real Socialism of to-day is a religion. It has its dogmas. The value of the dogma does not consist in its truthfulness; and M. Anatole France, who loves truth, does not love dogma. Only, unlike religion, the cohesive strength of Socialism lies not in its dogmas, but in its ideal. It is perhaps a too materialistic ideal, and the mind of M. Anatole France may not find in it either comfort or consolation. It is not to be doubted that he suspects this himself; but there is something reposeful in the finality of popular conceptions. M. Anatole France, a good prince and a good Republican, shall succeed no doubt in being a good Socialist. He shall disregard the stupidity of the dogma and the unlovely form of the ideal. His art shall find its own beauty in the imaginative presentation of wrongs,

of terrors and miseries that call aloud for redress. M. Anatole France is humane. He is also human. He may be able to discard his philosophy; the forget that the evils are many and the remedies are few, that there is no universal panacea, that fatality is invincible, that there is an implacable menace of death in the triumph of the humanitarian idea. He may forget all that because love is stronger than truth.

## III.

Besides *Crainquebille* this volume contains sixteen other stories and sketches. To define them it is enough to say that they are written in M. Anatole France's prose. One sketch entitled "*Riquet*" may be found incorporated in the volume of "*M. Bergeret à Paris*," "*Putois*" is a remarkable little tale, significant, humorous, amusing, and symbolic. It concerns the career of a man born in the utterance of a hasty and untruthful excuse made by a lady at a loss how to decline without offence a very pressing invitation to dinner from a very tyrannical aunt. This happens in a provincial town, and the lady says in effect: "Impossible, my dear aunt. To-morrow I am expecting the gardener." And the garden she glances at is a poor garden; it is a wild garden; its extent is insignificant and its neglect seems beyond remedy. "A gardener! What for?" asks the aunt. "To work in the garden." And the poor lady is abashed at the transparency of her evasion. But the lie is told, it is believed, and she sticks to it. When the masterful old aunt inquires, "What is the man's name, my dear?" she answers brazenly, "His name is *Putois*." "Where does he live?" "Oh! I don't know; anywhere. He won't give his address. One leaves a message for him here and there." "Oh! I see," says the other; "he is a sort of ne'er-do-well,

an idler, a vagabond. I advise you, my dear, to be careful how you let such a creature into your grounds; but I have a large garden, and when you do not want his services I shall find him some work to do, and see he does it too. Tell your *Putois* to come and see me." And thereupon *Putois* is born; he stalks abroad, invisible, upon his career of vagabondage and crime, stealing melons from gardens and teaspoons from pantries, indulging his licentious proclivities; becoming the talk of the town and of the countryside; seen simultaneously in far-distant places; pursued by gendarmes, whose brigadier assures the uneasy householders that he "knows that scamp very well, and won't be long in laying his hands on him." A detailed description of his person collected from the information furnished by various people appears in the columns of a local newspaper. *Putois* lives in his strength and malevolence. He lives after the manner of legendary heroes, of the gods of Olympus. He is the creation of the popular mind. There comes a time when even the innocent originator of that mysterious and potent evil-doer is induced to believe for a moment that he may have a real and tangible presence. All this is told with the wit and the art and the philosophy which is familiar to M. Anatole France's readers and admirers. For it is difficult to read M. Anatole France without admiring him. He has the princely gift of arousing a spontaneous loyalty, but with this difference, that the consent of our reason has its place by the side of our enthusiasm. He is an artist. As an artist he awakens emotion. The quality of his art remains, as an inspiration, fascinating and inscrutable; but the proceedings of his thought compel our intellectual admiration.

In this volume the trifle called "*The Military Manœuvres at Montil*," apart

from its far-reaching irony, embodies incidentally the very spirit of automobilism. Somehow or other, how you cannot tell, the flight over the country in a motor-car, its sensations, its fatigue, its vast topographical range, its incidents down to the bursting of a tire, are brought home to you with all the force of high imaginative perception. It would be out of place to analyze here the means by which the true impression is conveyed so that the absurd rushing about of General Decuir, in a 30 horse-power car, in search of his cavalry brigade becomes to you a more real experience than any day-and-night run you may ever have taken yourself. Suffice it to say that M. Anatole France had thought the thing worth doing and that it becomes in virtue of his art a distinct achievement. And there are other sketches in the book more or less slight but all worthy of regard—the childhood's recollections of Professor Bergeret and his sister Zoé; the dialogue of two upright judges and the conversation of

The Speaker.

their horses; the dream of M. Jean Marteau, aimless, extravagant, apocalyptic, and of all the dreams one ever dreamt the most essentially dreamlike. The vision of M. Anatole France, the Prince of Prose, ranges over all the extent of his realm, indulgent and penetrating, disillusioned and curious, finding treasures of truth and beauty concealed from less gifted magicians. Contemplating the exactness of his images and the justice of his judgment, the freedom of his fancy and the fidelity of his purpose, one becomes aware of the futility of literary watchwords and the vanity of all the schools of fiction. Not that M. Anatole France is a wild and untrammelled genius. He is not that. Issued legitimately from the past, he is mindful of his high descent. He has a critical temperament joined to creative power. He surveys his vast domains in a spirit of princely moderation that knows nothing of excesses but much of restraint.

Joseph Conrad.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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Richard Le Gallienne's new book, "Painted Shadows," will be published in the autumn by Little, Brown & Co., who brought out his "Love Letters of the King" a few years ago.

The announcement which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. make of a "Third Century of Charades" by William Bellamy will be widely welcomed. Mr. Bellamy's charades are marvelously clever, and there is promise in this volume of many a delightful evening.

Messrs. Methuen have arranged to publish, under the editorship of Professor Oman, a new History of England

in six volumes, which will be written by the Editor, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan—the author of that brilliant study, "England in the Age of Wycliffe"—Mr. H. W. C. Davis, Mr. Owen Edwards, Mr. Arthur D. Innes and Mr. C. Grant Robertson.

A new and intimate view of the Kaiser is promised in the volume "Imperator et Rex: William II of Germany" which the Harpers announce for early issue. It is by the author of "A Keystone of Empire" and gives a personal account of the monarch as he is, in his human relations and home life as well as in his imperial capacity.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have planned a new series of works on "The Types of English Literature," under the general editorship of Prof. W. A. Nelson. Each volume, instead of dealing with a period or an author, will treat of the origin and development of a single literary *genre*. The following have already been arranged for: "The Ballad," by Prof. F. B. Gummere; "The Novel," by Dr. Bliss Perry; "The Lyric," by Prof. F. E. Schelling; "Tragedy," by Prof. C. H. Thorndike; "The Pastoral," by Prof. J. B. Fletcher; "The Essay," by Dr. Ferris Greenslet; "Character Writing," by Mr. C. N. Greenough; "Saints' Legends," by Dr. G. H. Gerould; and "Allegory," by the general editor.

Herbert Spencer's trustees have already made good progress in arranging for the continuation of the "Descriptive Sociology," for which Mr. Spencer fully provided in his will. Prof. Mahaffy and Prof. W. A. Golligher, of Trinity College, Dublin, have undertaken to prepare volumes on the Hellenic and Hellenistic Greeks; Prof. A. Wiedemann, of Bonn, the well-known Egyptologist, will deal with the ancient Egyptians; and the trustees hope to be able to begin in the autumn the printing of a Chinese volume, on which Mr. E. T. C. Werner, of H.M.'s Consular service in China, has been occupied for many years. Mr. H. R. Tedder, secretary and librarian of the Athenæum Club, is the editor of the series.

As already announced, Harper & Bros. expect to publish this autumn five volumes in the important historical work "The American Nation" which Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard is editing for them. These volumes include "The European Background of American History," by E. P. Cheyney, A.M., Professor of European

History, University of Pennsylvania; "American Conditions of American History," by Livingston Farrand, A.M., Adj. Professor of Anthropology, Columbia University; "Spain in America," by E. G. Bourne, Ph.D., Professor of History, Yale University; "English in America," by President Lyon G. Tyler, President of William and Mary College, Virginia; "Colonial Self-Government," by Charles M. Andrews, A.M., Ph.D. Professor of History, Bryn Mawr College.

Among the English autumn announcements are many theological works, among the most important of which will be four posthumous volumes by Dean Bradley, Canon Ainger, Dr. Westcott, and Professor Moberly. Dr. Bradley's book will consist of "Innocents' Day Addresses," selected from the special services for children which he held in Westminster Abbey, and collected as a memorial to their author. It will be published by Mr. Murray, who is also issuing Dr. Moberly's volume—"Problems and Principles, being Papers on Subjects Theological and Ecclesiastical." Canon Ainger's volume, entitled "Sermons Preached at the Temple Church and Elsewhere," and Bishop Westcott's, which will consist of "Peterborough Sermons," will both be published by Messrs. Macmillan, who also have in preparation two volumes of sermons by Dr. Ryle, Bishop of Winchester—"On the Church of England" and "On Holy Scripture and Criticism"—a new collection of sermons by Bishop Phillips Brooks, entitled, "Seeking Life, and Other Addresses"; "Christian Character, being Some Lectures on the Elements of Christian Ethics," by the Rev. J. R. Illingworth; and a new edition of the Greek text of the "Apocalypse of St. John," edited, with introduction, notes, and indices, by Professor Swete.

## SONG OF EXILE.

When the sun strikes the motionless  
palm-trees,  
When the sandhills are white with the  
heat,  
We long for the breezes of England  
And the grass that treads soft to the  
feet.  
When the camels march slowly, so  
slowly,  
And we rock to the sound of their  
bells,  
The song in our heart is of England,  
'Tis of Home that it tells.

Green memories still haunt and evade  
us,  
Cool scenes mocking pass and repass;  
Brief glimpses of parks and green pas-  
tures,  
Soft lawns and wide fields of long  
grass;  
And the tyrannous sun is forgotten,  
Forgotten the glare of its beams,  
While fancy-enthralled we revisit  
**The Land of our Dreams.**

We who dwell in these sun-smitten  
plain-lands,  
And work under tropical skies,  
Where never the East wind blusters  
And never a sea-breeze sighs,  
And never a white sail quivers  
Wind-driven and flecked with the  
foam—  
We dream in the silent night-watches  
Of England our Home.

*Multani.*

The Spectator.

## AFRICA.

A sleepy people, without priests or  
kings,  
Dreamed here, men say, to drive us  
to the sea:  
O let us drive ourselves! For it is  
free  
And smells of honor and of English  
things.  
How came we brawling by these bit-  
ter springs,  
We of the North?—two kindly na-  
tions—we?

Though the dice rattle and the clear  
coin rings,  
Here is no place for living men to be.  
Leave them the gold that worked and  
whined for it,  
Let them that have no nation any-  
where  
Be native here, and fat and full of  
bread;  
But we, whose sins were human, we  
will quit  
The land of blood, and leave these  
vultures there,  
Noiselessly happy, feeding on the  
dead.

*G. K. Chesterton.*

The Speaker.

## THE PHOTOGRAPH.

O Beauty what is this?  
A shadow of your face . . .  
Where is the wild-flower grace  
That Love is wont to kiss?

Where is the bird that brings  
To your untroubled eyes  
The blue of fairy skies,  
The flash of fairy wings?

O wild bird of delight  
That no white hand may hold  
Or fairest cage of gold . . .  
For who would stay its flight

The song-bird of your voice?  
Whose magic song Love hears  
Trembling behind your tears,  
Trilling when you rejoice . . .

(Weave nets to snare the dawn  
So delicately shy . . .  
You catch a butterfly  
With all its colors gone!)

O Beauty what is this?  
The shadow of a rose . . .  
A little ghost that goes  
Oblivious of Love's kiss.

Only a shadow . . . yet  
It may, in some dark hour  
Recall the living flower . . .  
If haply Love forget.

*Olive Custance.*

The Saturday Review.